

# PLAYBOY

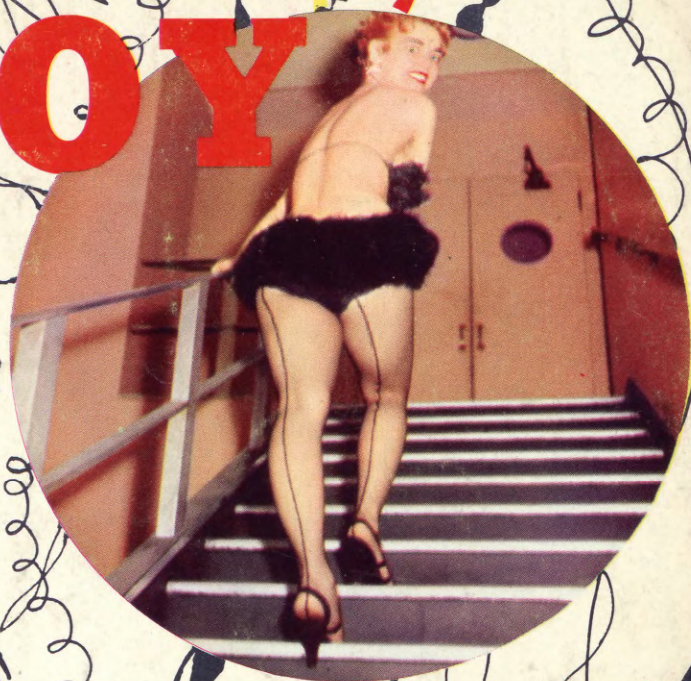
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 50 cents

RAY BRADBURY

JOHN STEINBECK

ERSKINE CALDWELL



a. Paul



CALDWELL



STEINBECK



RUSSELL



BRADBURY



MARIO

## PLAYBILL

OUR BIG RESOLUTION for the new year is to try and make the next twelve months of **PLAYBOY** a little more special and entertaining than the last dozen. We think this issue is a pretty good start. Ray Bradbury has presented us with an unusual tale of a future time when Mars invades the Earth, with unexpected results. Erskine Caldwell makes his fourth **PLAYBOY** appearance, writing an emotional episode about carnival life; John Steinbeck makes his first with his classic, "The Ears of Johnny Bear."

The **PLAYBOY** camera enjoys an evening at the Artists Equity Masquerade Ball and visits Eartha Kitt backstage at her new Broadway play.

Betty Page is our Holiday Playmate, Thomas Mario offers some suggestions for holiday punches, and Ray Russell tells a humorous story of a misspent New Year's Eve.

# DEAR PLAYBOY



ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE 11 E. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

## THE LAST WORD ON ARMIN

Open letter to Mr. Armin J. ("Yours for moral reform") Edwards: I have never before written to the editor of any magazine, but your letter in the November issue of PLAYBOY requires an answer. You've bitten off more than you can chew, Mr. Edwards. I've no doubt you'll read this letter, for I'm certain you never miss an issue. You write, "I urge you again to take your magazine off the newsstands before it is too late." Nevertheless, you'll pay 50c to read PLAYBOY every month that it is published. What's with you?

Then you state, "If this advice is not heeded I shall have to take drastic action." (Pity poor Armin running around frantically to all the newsstands burning each copy.) To suggest that you are a hypocrite would be giving you the benefit of the doubt; I think you're a psycho.

You seem interested in investigations. If you desire, Armin, this office will be pleased to investigate you, or refer you to a psychiatrist to see what makes you tick.

Incidentally, terrific if belated congratulations to PLAYBOY for Charles Beaumont's "Black Country." I could hear the jazz, feel the emotions, joy, and tragedy. You must print more of these.

The above paragraph wasn't for you, Armin. You'd never understand it. Pity.

Peter A. Olson, Manager  
La Grande Detective Agency  
La Grande, Oregon

I just dug your November issue of PLAYBOY and it's real nervous. In fact it has all the scalpers at Duke University really wiggling. Your "Ribald Classics" are the mostest. It's the perfect mag for procuring a little humor and money (I rent it out). The mag stand is always sold out. I had to wait two days to get this one.

Who is this cat Armin Edwards? He's strictly a square. Methinks he ought to pull himself out of his long gone world and dig some good literature. Congratulations on a real cool mag. Gotta have more.

Bruce McIlwain  
Duke University  
Durham, North Carolina

I've read several adolescent letters from one Armin J. Edwards of New Haven and — as a resident of that fair

city — I would like to say that I think your magazine is fine and could only offend the warped sensibilities of a neurotic.

One other thing — I'd like to ask Mr. Edwards where in blazes he is buying PLAYBOY in New Haven. I haven't been able to find a copy on a newsstand here yet. I have to buy my copies in New York or some other nearby city.

"Not in New Haven," you know, has become a byword around here. We have a very vicious censorship system here. Newsstands are visited weekly by uniformed officers who remove whatever magazines they consider "offensive." This, I might add, entirely without any court order whatsoever. Dozens of magazines have disappeared from the stands in New Haven. I've done what I could to combat this nonsense, but I'm only an isolated individual. The Armin J. Edwards of this smug little city seem to be in control.

I'd like to see a magazine like PLAYBOY fight this nonsense. I'd like to be able to buy PLAYBOY in New Haven when I want it. At present I can't.

Both as a reader and as a freelance magazine writer, I am seriously concerned with the problem of newsstand raiding on the part of police officers whose qualifications to act as community censors are at least open to question.

I don't know what "drastic action" Mr. Edwards intends in regard to PLAYBOY, but I do fervently wish some "drastic action" could be taken in regard to the many Armin J. Edwards who set themselves up as little self-appointed arbiters for the entire community.

Joseph Payne Brennan  
New Haven, Connecticut

Just finished reading the second letter by Armin J. Edwards in the November issue of PLAYBOY. This misled zealot and his kind brought on prohibition and would love to bring on censorship. This sort of thinking would bring on a world like the one described so well in Ray Bradbury's "Fahrenheit 451."

Thomas A. Uhlig  
Brooklyn, New York

Why the incessant babbling about high moral character, Armin? If you don't like PLAYBOY, keep your damn

hands off it and your critical analyses to yourself. PLAYBOY is the most popular magazine on campus here at Michigan Tech.

Joe Schrader  
Ed Daleski  
Lincoln Jacobs  
Michigan College of Technology  
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

Just who is this "Righteous" Armin Edwards that is so much better than the rest of us poor, sin-ridden mortals? I, for one, find your magazine in excellent taste and am surprised to find anyone (of seeming intelligence) so narrow minded that he would condemn PLAYBOY as filth.

Mitch Chinn  
Texas Tech. College  
Lubbock, Texas

I wonder if our Mr. Edwards is a direct descendent of the New England Hell Fire and Damnation preacher, Jonathan Edwards.

Philip Evans  
Indiana State College  
Terre Haute, Indiana

I think Armin J. Edwards is right in reprimanding your magazine. He is right in suggesting the kind of people who read your magazine are not very smart. Your kind of magazine is one of the major causes of crime in this country, especially sex crimes. This type of literature should be prohibited from the public eye. I only wish I had a little more influence in such matters. And furthermore, I do not want an answer as you gave Armin J. Edwards, about "Why do you read this magazine?" That I consider a easy way of ducking the truth — for you know yourselves — there are many people who agree with this man, and you are trying to make a fool out of him.

Frank Martin  
Philadelphia, Pa.

*Well, we won't try to make a fool of you, Frank. That's been taken care of. More than a few people do agree with the narrow views expressed in Armin's letters, but it turns out Armin isn't one of them (see below).*

We wrote you two letters under the pseudonym of Armin J. Edwards which you were generous enough to print in your magazine. They were extremely ridiculous and we were happy to see you answered them in such a rational manner. Our purpose in writing these let-

ters went beyond the goal of a practical joke consisting of pulling a fast one on you. You might have let Armin bluff you — as it stands now, however, you have bluffed him.

Some members of  
the Class of 1957  
Yale University  
New Haven, Connecticut

*We ought to make you guys turn in your white bucks for this. Actually, we'll miss Armin J. — he'd become a sort of symbol here for those few in our society who believe they have the right to dictate manners and morals to the rest of us. Armin is a fiction, but the Armin attitude is terribly real. PLAYBOY is edited for the adult male — for the man a little more sophisticated and intelligent than the average. Those who don't enjoy the magazine are free to spend their money elsewhere, but we'll be damned if we'll change PLAYBOY to suit them.*

#### NOVEMBER ISSUE

I hope this reaches you before you go out of business. Or have you already? I have just finished reading the November issue and I can say without reservation that it is the poorest excuse for a magazine that I've seen in a long time.

If the plump, homely redhead reclining in the modern chair is PLAYBOY's "Playmate of the Month," all I can say is that PLAYBOY is far more hard up than I am. It would be all right to use a photo of the publisher's wife or his girl friend or his secretary. But why wish his dear old Aunt Hortense from Dubuque off on all us poor subscribers?

Miss October was gorgeous, the best yet. And Miss September was cute as a bug's ear and quite desirable, even though a bit immature. But Miss November is impossible. She should put some clothes on and go on television. Dave Garroway, Dr. I. Q. and Roger Price all in one issue! What is it this month, an offspring of *TV Forecast*, fathered by that doddering old gentleman, *Esquire*?

John Rogers  
Detroit, Michigan

Your November issue was great. I particularly enjoyed the story, "The Persistent Nude" by Ernest Leogrande and the article, "Was My Face Red" by Dr. I. Q. I got a whole bellyful of laughs out of the latter.

Jim Larsen  
Montana State College  
Bozeman, Montana

Your November issue was the best yet. Didn't believe it would be possible to top your other issues, but you did. Keep up the great work! I'm sending a gift subscription for my brother in college. PLAYBOY is a requisite there, along with chem and philosophy.

Myron J. Basso, D.S.C.  
Palo Alto, California

#### BOXING AND THE IBC

How the hell did you guys do it? Your November issue included an ar-

ticle, "Boxing on the Ropes," stating, in your own words, that if something isn't done about it, "television and the IBC may put the fight game down for the count." The night after I received my issue, I watched the televising of the Kid Gavilan-Johnny Saxton fiasco. Two weeks later, the newspapers were talking about a government investigation of the IBC, and this week *Sports Illustrated* came up with some proof that IBC president Jim Norris has been a fixer of fights in times gone by. I've some idea how far ahead a staff has to work on a monthly magazine, so what I want to know is, where do you fellows buy your crystal balls?

Charles Irwin  
New York, New York

The December issue of PLAYBOY was making a big hit, as usual, on the Purdue University campus until we came upon your article entitled "Sports' Craziest Year." In this article you wrongfully and shamefully made the following statements: "Notre Dame was top team in the nation after impressive wins in its first two games, then Purdue upset the Irish 27 to 14. To keep the season typical, it was one of the few games the Boilermakers won all season long." We wish to point out to you and your readers that these statements are in error in three respects.

First, Notre Dame had played only one game before meeting Purdue — it was against Texas. Secondly, only a few sportswriters considered the Purdue victory over Notre Dame an upset. The true judge, the football public, was not surprised at the outcome of the game.

Last of all, Purdue had a much better season than indicated in your statements. Purdue finished its season with five victories, "upsetting" Missouri Notre Dame, Michigan State, Illinois and Indiana, tying Duke, and losing only to Iowa, Wisconsin and the real number one team in the nation, Ohio State. Purdue apologizes to *no one* for its football record.

John F. Hutchins  
Lyndell L. Myers  
Maurice Stevens  
Daniel D. Rawlins  
Robert E. Dunivan  
Purdue University  
Lafayette, Indiana

We would like to point out that Purdue had a 5-3-1 season and were rated in the top ten most of the season. Purdue also played one of the toughest schedules of any school in the nation.

Jerry Brucker  
John Mikel  
Gene Deskins  
Purdue University  
W. Lafayette, Indiana

*Guess we must have been busy looking into our crystal ball during all those victories. Sorry, fellows. The only excuse we can offer is that the guy who wrote the article is an Illinois grad. The Illini were picked to win the Big 10 this season and they wound up in the cellar*

*without a single conference victory. We think this loyal alum may have been in a post season daze when he was compiling his statistics.*

#### TRAVELLING PLAYBOY

Having endured three weeks of hotel boredom in a strange city, reading the conventional newsstand offerings as one source of diversion, I now appreciate the vendor's insistence that I acquaint myself with what was his last copy of PLAYBOY.

A vote of thanks to Ray Russell for his "Hollywood and the Gladiators" which gave me my first real laugh in almost a month. Sure hope that newsstands of Boston carry your publication when I return home. If they don't, expect my subscription. From cover to cover, I found it delightfully different and you've picked up another fan who sincerely wishes PLAYBOY was rather a weekly publication.

John Pernaw  
Washington, D. C.

#### HIS DISH

I've just caught up with your interesting and entertaining magazine. Think you've a very fine layout — like your cartoons, fiction, and particularly your article, "Is She Your Kind of Dish?" by Thomas Mario.

Philip Solar  
New York, New York

#### WRITER'S REPORT

As a writer, I peruse some fifty odd magazines each month and PLAYBOY is one of the finest. I read every single story.

Fred W. McDarrah  
New York, New York

*Didn't know there were that many odd magazines being published, Fred.*

#### POLAR PLAYBOYS

Please forward me one copy of THE BEST FROM PLAYBOY. This will be going to Thule AFB, Greenland, where I have it on excellent authority your monthly literary contribution is received with wild enthusiasm.

Mrs. James Wesley Neal  
Rantoul, Illinois

#### COLE'S FEMALES

Enclosed is my check for the June, August, September and October issues of PLAYBOY. I want a complete collection of the "Females by Cole" cartoons, which I consider remarkably expressive.

John W. Ellinwood  
Harvard University  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

*For readers keeping permanent PLAYBOY collections, we've prepared an unusually handsome simulated-leather binder. It will hold twelve issues and the magazine's name and emblem are stamped on the cover in gold. Order direct from PLAYBOY at \$2.50, plus 25¢ to cover postage and handling.*

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HUGH M. HEFNER, editor and publisher

RAY RUSSELL, associate editor

ARTHUR PAUL, art director

JOSEPH PACZEK, assistant art director

ELDON SELLERS, advertising manager

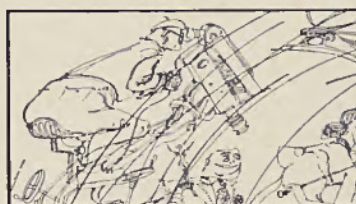
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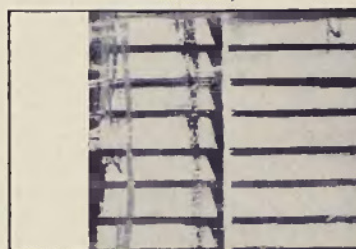
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# PLAYBOY

HE LISTENED TO THE dry-grass rustle of the old witches' voices beneath his open window:

"Speak on, witches!" he cried.

The voices dropped to a murmur like that of water in the long canals under the Martian sky.

"Ettil, the father of a son who must grow up in the shadow of this horrid knowledge!" said the old wrinkled women. They knocked their sly-eyed heads gently together. "Shame, shame!"

His wife was crying on the other side of the room. Her tears were as rain, numerous and cool on the tiles. "Oh, Ettil, how can you think this way?"

Ettil laid aside his metal book which, at his beckoning, had been singing him a story all morning from its thin gold-wired frame.

"I've tried to explain," he said. "This is a foolish thing, Mars invading Earth. We'll be destroyed, utterly."

Outside, a banging, crashing boom, a surge of brass, a drum, a cry, marching feet, pennants and songs. Through the stone streets the army, fire weapons to shoulder, stamped. Children skipped after. Old women waved dirty flags.

"I shall remain on Mars and read a book," said Ettil.

A blunt knock on the door. Tylla answered. Father-in-law stormed in. "What's this I hear about my son-in-law? A traitor?"

"Yes, Father."

"You're not fighting in the Martian Army?"

"No, Father."

"Gods!" The old father turned very red. "A plague on your name! You'll be shot."

"Shoot me, then, and have it over."

"Who ever heard of a Martian *not* invading? Who!"

"Nobody. It is, I admit, quite incredible."

"Incredible," husked the witch voices



# THE CONCRETE MIXER

under the window.

"Father, can't you reason with him?" demanded Tylla.

"Reason with a dung heap," cried Father, eyes blazing. He came and stood over Ettil. "Bands playing, a fine day, women weeping, children jumping, everything right, men marching bravely, and you sit here! Oh, shame!"

"Shame," sobbed the faraway voices in the hedge.

"Get the devil out of my house with

*"We must not attack the Earth," said the man from Mars. "We'll be destroyed, utterly."*

BY RAY BRADBURY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANZ ALTSCHULER



*fiction*

your inane chatter," said Ettil, exploding. "Take your medals and your drums and run!"

He shoved Father-in-law past a screaming wife, only to have the door thrown wide at this moment, as a military detail entered.

A voice shouted, "Ettil Vrye?"

"Yes!"

"You are under arrest!"

"Good-by, my dear wife. I am off to the wars with these fools!" shouted Ettil, dragged through the door by the men in bronze mesh.

"Good-by, good-by," said the town witches, fading away . . .

. . .

The cell was neat and clean. Without a book, Ettil was nervous. He gripped the bars and watched the rockets shoot up into the night air. The stars were cold and numerous; they seemed to scatter when every rocket blasted up among them.

"Fools," whispered Ettil. "Fools!"

The cell door opened. One man with a kind of vehicle entered, full of books; books here, there, everywhere in the chambers of the vehicle. Behind him the Military Assignor loomed.

"Ettil Vrye, we want to know why you had these illegal Earth books in your house. These copies of *Wonder Stories*, *Scientific Tales*, *Fantastic Stories*. Explain." The man gripped Ettil's wrist.

Ettil shook him free. "If you're going to shoot me, shoot me. That literature, from Earth, is the very reason why I won't try to invade them. It's the reason why your invasion will fail."

"How so?" The assignor scowled and turned to the yellowed magazines.

"Pick any copy," said Ettil. "Any one at all. Nine out of ten stories in the years 1929, '30 to '50, Earth calendar, have every Martian invasion successfully invading Earth."

"Ah!" The assignor smiled, nodded.

"And then," said Ettil, "failing."

"That's treason! Owning such literature!"

"So be it, if you wish. But let me draw a few conclusions. Invariably, each invasion is thwarted by a young man, usually lean, usually Irish, usually alone, named Mick or Rick or Jick or Bannon, who destroys the Martians."

"You don't believe that!"

"No. I don't believe Earthmen can actually do that — no. But they have a background, understand, Assignor, of generations of children reading just such fiction, absorbing it. They have nothing but a literature of invasions successfully thwarted. Can you say the same for Martian literature?"

"Well —"

"No."

"I guess not."

"You know not. We never wrote stories of such a fantastic nature. Now we rebel, we attack, and we shall die."

"I don't see your reasoning on that. Where does this tie in with the magazine stories?"

"Morale. A big thing. The Earthmen

know they can't fail. It is in them like blood beating in their veins. They cannot fail. They will repel each invasion, no matter how well organized. Their youth of reading just such fiction as this has given them a faith we cannot equal. We Martians? We are uncertain; we know that we might fail. Our morale is low, in spite of the banged drums and tooted horns."

"I won't listen to this treason," cried the assignor. "This fiction will be burned, as you will be, within the next ten minutes. You have a choice, Ettil Vrye. Join the Legion of War, or burn."

"It is a choice of deaths. I choose to burn."

"Men!"

He was hustled out into the courtyard. There he saw his carefully hoarded reading matter set to the torch. A special pit was prepared, with oil five feet deep in it. This, with a great thunder, was set afire. Into this, in a minute, he would be pushed.

On the far side of the courtyard, in shadow, he noticed the solemn figure of his son standing alone, his great yellow eyes luminous with sorrow and fear. He did not put out his hand or speak, but only looked at his father like some dying animal, a wordless animal seeking rescue.

Ettil looked at the flaming pit. He felt the rough hands seize him, strip him, push him forward to the hot perimeter of death. Only then did Ettil swallow and cry out, "Wait!"

The assignor's face, bright with the orange fire, pushed forward in the trembling air. "What is it?"

"I will join the Legion of War," replied Ettil.

"Good! Release him!"

The hands fell away.

As he turned he saw his son standing far across the court, waiting. His son was not smiling, only waiting. In the sky a bronze rocket leaped across the stars, ablaze . . .

. . .

"And now we bid good-by to these stalwart warriors," said the assignor. The bank thumped and the wind blew a fine sweet rain of tears gently upon the sweating army. The children cavorted. In the chaos Ettil saw his wife weeping with pride, his son solemn and silent at her side.

They marched into the ship, everybody laughing and brave. They buckled themselves into their spiderwebs. All through the tense ship the spiderwebs were filled with lounging, lazy men. They chewed on bits of food and waited. A great lid slammed shut. A valve hissed.

"Off to Earth and destruction," whispered Ettil.

"What?" asked someone.

"Off to glorious victory," said Ettil, grimacing.

The rocket jumped.

Space, thought Ettil. Here we are banging across black inks and pink lights of space in a brass kettle. Here we are, a celebratory rocket heaved out

to fill the Earthmen's eyes with fear flames as they look up to the sky. What is it like, being far, far away from your home, your wife, your child, here and now?

He tried to analyze his trembling. It was like tying your most secret inward working organs to Mars and then jumping out a million miles. Your heart was still on Mars, pumping, glowing. Your brain was still on Mars, thinking, crenulated, like an abandoned torch. Your stomach was still on Mars, somnolent, trying to digest the final dinner. Your lungs were still in the cool blue wine air of Mars, a soft folded bellows screaming for release, one part of you longing for the rest.

For here you were, a meshless, cogless automaton, a body upon which officials had performed clinical autopsy and left all of you that counted back upon the empty seas and strewn over the darkened hills. Here you were, bottle-empty, fireless, chill, with only your hands to give death to Earthmen. A pair of hands is all you are now, he thought in cold remoteness.

Here you lie in the tremendous web. Others are about you, but they are whole — whole hearts and bodies. But all of you that lives is back there walking the desolate seas in evening winds. This thing here, this cold clay thing, is already dead.

"Attack stations, attack stations, attack!"

"Ready, ready, ready!"

"Up!"

"Out of the webs, quick!"

Ettil moved. Somewhere before him his two cold hands moved.

How swift it has all been, he thought. A year ago one Earth rocket reached Mars. Our scientists, with their incredible telepathic ability, copied it; our workers, with their incredible plants, reproduced it a hundredfold. No other Earth ship has reached Mars since then, and yet we know their language perfectly, all of us. We know their culture, their logic. And we shall pay the price of our brilliance . . .

"Guns on the ready!"

"Right!"

"Sights!"

"Reading by miles?"

"Ten thousand!"

"Attack!"

A humming silence. A silence of insects throbbing in the walls of the rocket. The insect singing of tiny bobbins and levers and whirls of wheels. Silence of waiting men. Silence of glands emitting the slow steady pulse of sweat under arm, on brow, under staring pale eyes!

"Wait! Ready!"

Ettil hung onto his sanity with his fingernails, hung hard and long.

Silence, silence, silence. Waiting.

Teeeee-ee!

"What's that?"

"Earth radiol!"

"Cut them in!"

"They're trying to reach us, call us. Cut them in!" (continued on page 12)

**A** GREAT MANY PEOPLE are fairly certain that an important new school of jazz music has come into being recently—but the fact is that to date nobody has been able to define it.

This new, "phantom" brand of jazz has been labeled starkly, "West Coast Jazz." Actually, *there is no such thing as West Coast Jazz*. It's a fallacy, a myth.

Just how or why or when this myth was started isn't known. But that it's a myth, is certain. Ask a California jazz man just what, exactly, the component parts of "West Coast Jazz" are. He couldn't tell you. There's no one who can. You can't define something that doesn't exist.

The truth and mythology of West Coast jazz have been so inextricably entwined that a good many fans and critics are mistaking one for another. Let's take a closer look at the western jazz scene and see if we can't do some sorting:

*Myth* — The West Coast is an important spawning place for progressive jazz musicians.

*Truth* — With the exception of a few like pianist Dave Brubeck and trumpeter Chet Baker, all the modern sounds out West are being made by Eastern musicians who've moved there.

(Some of the migratory modernists include Gerry Mulligan, baritone sax; Shorty Rogers, trumpet; Art Pepper, alto sax; Shelly Manne, drums; Teddy Charles, vibes; Wardell Gray, tenor sax; Al Haig, piano; Max Roach, drums; and Stan Getz, tenor sax. There are others.)

*Myth* — West Coast jazz fans are "cooler" than Midwestern and Eastern fans, more appreciative of good jazz.

*Truth* — To the contrary, West Coast fans display a shocking lack of musical discrimination. They'll applaud just as fervidly for Big Jay McNeely's caterwauling tenor sax as the wonderful silk-soft murmuring of Paul Desmond's alto — and sigh ecstatically to both, "Crazy, man, crazy . . ."

Wardell Gray, a swinging tenor saxist who spent a lot of time with Count Basie's band before making the trek West four years ago, put it this way: "In the East the audiences are very critical. They hear enough good musicians — the best, naturally — and they put you down if you don't play the right notes. But out West the fans just aren't musically aware. And you frustrate yourself out there, trying to play

the right notes and not being appreciated when you do."

*Myth* — The West is an important laboratory for jazz experimentation, and much jazz progress is being made there.

*Truth* — Except for Brubeck, Baker and the Eastern cats who migrated there, the level of Western jazz has not yet reached that of Boston and New York.

Vibraphonist Teddy Charles, a serious, well-schooled jazz veteran who splits his time between the two coasts, says that the young West Coasters are "five or six years" behind the Eastern level of development.

As a possible explanation for this cultural lag, Charles points to the easy living, "goof-off" environment in Southern California and the absence of the intense competition that exists in the East, where a musician has the entire jazz repertoire down pat or is "axed for his inexperience."

Wardell Gray says the five or six year discrepancy between the Eastern level of jazz and the Western follows from the fact that the "center of cultural activity" in the United States is situated in the East. "With the East the center for art, ballet and the legitimate theatre," Gray says, "it's not surprising that jazz, too, is more technically advanced there."

Gray adds: "When something happens in New York it's a long time before it gets to California. It might take five or six months before anybody brings it out there. You can't just read about it and pick it up: you have to see it and come in contact with it — absorb it. And that takes time."

Perhaps the length of time it takes the West to absorb jazz concepts originating in the East has something to do with the fact that the West has not yet produced a jazz "style" that can be called truly its own.

Western jazz is in a state of flux—testing, adapting and discarding constantly the new jazz ideas that flow from the East. Because of this constant change, the jazz picture in the West is anything but one of consistency: to the contrary, it's jumbled, kaleidoscopic.

You have jazz on the Pacific Coast that soothes and jazz that sears, jazz that is prudent and jazz that is passionate. For every smooth sender there

(continued on page 43)

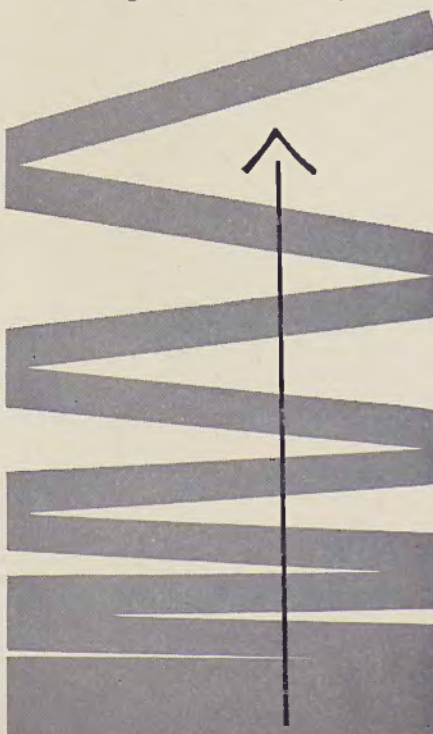
jazz BY BOB PERLONGO




Big Jay McNeely  
... a grunt, a howl, a squeal.

## west coast jazz is NOWHERE

*that is to say, this writer went looking and couldn't find it*





*fiction*

IT WAS MORE than she could bear any longer. Bess stumbled out of the pitch-dog-stand and felt her way over ropes, pegs and packing-crates to their house-tent. She had told Hutch she wanted to comb her hair, but she knew that he knew as well as she did what the trouble was.

Bess did not cry. It had been a year since she had done anything like that. She had been with Hutch, following the carnival with a pitch-dog stand, for over two years, and it was at least a year since she had cried. She lay down on the cot, breathing heavily.

She could hear Hutch's voice occasionally above the din and the raucous roar of the midway. No matter how high rose the pitch of screaming voices in the Fun House, or of the metallic grind-music in the Cuban Cabaret, or of the amplified hoarseness of the try-your-luck barkers, Bess could always hear Hutch's familiar sing-song spiel.

"Knock the little doggies off, and take home a brand-new silver dollar, folks!" She had said it so many times herself that Hutch's voice sounded as if the words were coming from her.

The dust raised by the carnival crowd's shuffling feet settled over her face and arms as she lay stiffly extended on the cot. The heat, the noise, the incessant glare of light settled on her like a heavy blanket.

"Knock the little doggies off, and take home a brand-new silver dollar, folks, a brand-new silver dollar."

Hutch's voice sounded mechanical again. Bess lay back on the cot. Hutch was talking to that girl who had been leaning against the railing in front of the stand for the past half-hour. There was always a different ring in Hutch's voice when he was trying to do two things like that at once. She knew what he was up to as well as he knew himself. He was trying to make a date with the girl. When he succeeded, he would disappear, the girl would disappear, and Bess would not see Hutch again until the next morning. It had been that way so many times during the past two years that she had lost count.

Bess turned over, trying to shut out the glare of the midway lights that

filtered through the thin canvas. She did not even know the name of the town they were in. It might have been something like Emporia, Fostoria, Peoria. It was a cotton town somewhere west of Birmingham, and that was about all she knew. Towns had been all the same lately, since Hutch had got into the habit of going off with a strange girl several times a week.

Bess got up, combed her hair, and brushed the dust from her dress. While she was brushing her clothes, she heard Hutch call her. She left the tent and stumbled towards the stand.

"Knock the little doggies off, and take home a brand-new silver dollar, folks!" Hutch said while she climbed under the railing. He turned around and winked at her. "Knock the little doggies off, folks! Only a dime!"

Before she saw Hutch, Bess saw the girl. It was the same girl, the one who had been leaning over the railing and talking to Hutch when she left.

"How about it, Bess?" Hutch began.

Bess turned and looked the girl up and down. She was a plain-looking creature with straight blonde hair that needed shampooing. She did not seem much over twenty, but her hands were work-stained and a little wrinkled.

"Her?" Bess asked Hutch, futilely.

"What's the difference, this time?" he said a little impatiently.

"You seem to be a little less particular each time, Hutch."

"Now let's not fall out, Bess," Hutch said, rubbing her nervously on her back and shoulders.

Hutch ducked under the railing and disappeared behind the stand. The milling mob of people was churning up a cloud of dust that looked like dense yellow smoke in the glare of lights. Bess could feel particles of dust and flakes of grit settle on her arms and face. She brushed it all away.

The girl looked up at her nervously two or three times. She was gradually receding into the crowd. All at once she turned and pushed her way around the side of the stand out of sight.

A party of men and women pushed

*jealousy and desire mixed in the dust of a side-show*

BY ERSKINE CALDWELL

up the railing, filling the vacant space the girl had left. The people stared at Bess as if she were one of the freaks in the sideshow down the midway.

"What's the game?" one of the men asked her in a loud voice.

Bess stared down into the faces. Each one of them looked like Hutch and his girls.

Almost automatically Bess picked up a handful of battered balls and held them out in front of her.

"Knock the little doggies off, folks, and take home a brand-new silver dollar!"

"That's fair enough," one of the men said, handing her a dime.

The man threw the three balls, but knocked off only two of the three stuffed dogs. He turned away to leave.

"Wait a minute, Mister!" Bess cried after him. "I'll make you a better proposition!"

The man came back.

"I haven't any more dimes to throw away on a game like that," he said, shaking his head. "you people have got those dogs rigged up so they all won't fall off, even if I did hit them."

Bess leaned over the railing.

"Be a sport, Mister. Here's your chance of a lifetime. Look! I'm going to give you ten balls. If you knock off all three dogs, you can write your own ticket. Now, how's that for an offer?"

The man grabbed the balls, heaving them at the dogs. They all fell on the ground.

"You win the set-up!" Bess cried, ducking under the railing. "It's all yours! Go on in there and take it!"

She pushed into the crowd, elbowing her way out of sight. Soon she was blinded by the dust that rose up from the ground, and before she had gone half-way down the midway, she was lost. Pushing her way out of the crowd, she crossed a vacant lot and began walking along a street that looked as if it would lead her out of town. She did not care in what direction she was going, as long as it led away from Emporia, Fostoria, Peoria, or whatever it was.



# CONCRETE MIXER (continued from page 8)

Eee-e-e!

"Here they are! Listen!"

"Calling Martian invasion fleet!"

The listening silence, the insect hum pulling back to let the sharp Earth voice crack in upon the rooms of waiting men.

"This is Earth calling. This is William Sommers, president of the Association of United American Producers!"

Ettil held tight to his station, bent forward, eyes shut.

"Welcome to Earth."

"What?" the men in the rocket roared. "What did he say?"

"Yes, welcome to Earth."

"It's a trick!"

Ettil shivered, opened his eyes to stare in bewilderment at the unseen voice from the ceiling source.

"Welcome! Welcome to green, industrial Earth!" declared the friendly voice. "With open arms we welcome you, to turn a bloody invasion into a time of friendships that will last through all of Time."

"A trick!"

"Hush, listen!"

"Many years ago we of Earth renounced war, destroyed our atom bombs. Now, unprepared as we are, there is nothing for us but to welcome you. The planet is yours. We ask only mercy from you good and merciful invaders."

"It can't be true!" a voice whispered.

"It must be a trick!"

"Land and be welcomed, all of you," said Mr. William Sommers of Earth. "Land anywhere. Earth is yours; we are all brothers!"

Ettil began to laugh. Everyone in the room turned to see him. The other Martians blinked. "He's gone mad!"

He did not stop laughing until they hit him.

...

The tiny fat man in the center of the hot rocket tarmac at Green Town, California, jerked out a clean white handkerchief and touched it to his wet brow. He squinted blindly from the fresh plank platform at the fifty thousand people restrained behind a fence of policemen, arm to arm. Everybody looked at the sky.

"There they are!"

A gasp.

"No, just sea gulls!"

A disappointed grumble.

"I'm beginning to think it would have been better to have declared war on them," whispered the mayor. "Then we could all go home."

"Sh-!" said his wife.

"There!" The crowd roared.

Out of the sun came the Martian rockets.

"Everybody ready?" The mayor glanced nervously about.

"Yes sir," said Miss California 1965.

"Yes," said Miss America 1940, who had come rushing up at the last minute as a substitute for Miss America 1966, who was ill at home.

"Yes siree," said Mr. Biggest Grape-

fruit in San Fernando Valley 1956, eagerly.

"Ready, band?"

The band poised its brass like so many guns.

"Ready!"

The rockets landed. "Go!"

The band played "California, Here I Come" ten times.

From noon until one o'clock the mayor made a speech, shaking his hands in the direction of the silent, apprehensive rockets.

At one-fifteen the seals of the rockets opened.

The band played "Oh, You Golden State" three times.

Ettil and fifty other Martians leaped out, guns at the ready.

The mayor ran forward with the key to Earth in his hands.

The band played "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town," and a full chorus of singers imported from Long Beach sang different words to it, something about "Martians Are Coming to Town."

Seeing no weapons about, the Martians relaxed, but kept their guns out.

From one-thirty until two-fifteen the mayor made the same speech over for the benefit of the Martians.

At two-thirty Miss America of 1940 volunteered to kiss all the Martians if they lined up.

At two-thirty and ten seconds the band played "How Do You Do, Everybody," to cover up the confusion caused by Miss America's suggestion.

At two thirty-five Mr. Biggest Grapefruit presented the Martians with a two-ton truck full of grapefruit.

At two thirty-seven the mayor gave them all free passes to the Elite and Majestic theaters, combining this gesture with another speech which lasted until after three.

The band played, and the fifty thousand people sang, "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows."

It was over at four o'clock.

Ettil sat down in the shadow of the rocket, two of his fellows with him. "So this is Earth!"

"I say kill the filthy rats," said one Martian. "I don't trust them. They're sneaky. What's their motive for treating us this way?" He held up a box of something that rustled. "What's this stuff they gave me? A sample, they said." He read the label. BLIX, *the new sudsy soap*.

The crowd had drifted about, was mingling with the Martians like a carnival throng. Everywhere was the buzzing murmur of people fingering the rockets, asking questions.

Ettil was cold. He was beginning to tremble even more now. "Don't you feel it?" he whispered. "The tenseness, the evilness of all this. Something's going to happen to us. They have some plan. Something subtle and horrible. They're going to do something to us — I know."

"I say kill every one of them!"

"How can you kill people who call you 'pal' and 'buddy'?" asked another Martian.

Ettil shook his head. "They're sincere. And yet I feel as if we were in a big acid vat melting away, away. I'm frightened." He put his mind out to touch among the crowd. "Yes, they're really friendly, hail-fellows-well-met (one of their terms). One huge mass of common men, loving dogs and cats and Martians equally. And yet — and yet —"

The band played "Roll Out the Barrel." Free beer was being distributed through the courtesy of Hagenback Beer, Fresno, California.

The sickness came.

The men poured out fountains of slush from their mouths. The sound of sickness filled the land.

Gagging, Ettil sat beneath a sycamore tree. "A plot, a plot — a horrible plot," he groaned, holding his stomach.

"What did you eat?" The assignor stood over him.

"Something that they called popcorn," groaned Ettil.

"And?"

"And some sort of long meat on a bun, and some yellow liquid in an iced vat, and some sort of fish and something called pastrami," sighed Ettil, eyelids flickering.

The moans of the Martian invaders sounded all about.

"Kill the plotting snakes!" somebody cried weakly.

"Hold on," said the assignor. "It's merely hospitality. They overdid it. Up on your feet now, men. Into the town. We've got to place small garrisons of men about to make sure all is well. Other ships are landing in other cities. We've our job to do here."

The men gained their feet and stood blinking stupidly about.

"Forward, march!"

One, two, three, *four!* One, two, three *four!* . . .

...

The white stores of the little town lay dreaming in shimmering heat. Heat emanated from everything — poles, concrete, metal, awnings, roofs, tar paper — everything.

The sound of Martian feet sounded on the asphalt.

"Careful, men!" whispered the assignor.

They walked past a beauty shop.

From inside, a furtive giggle.

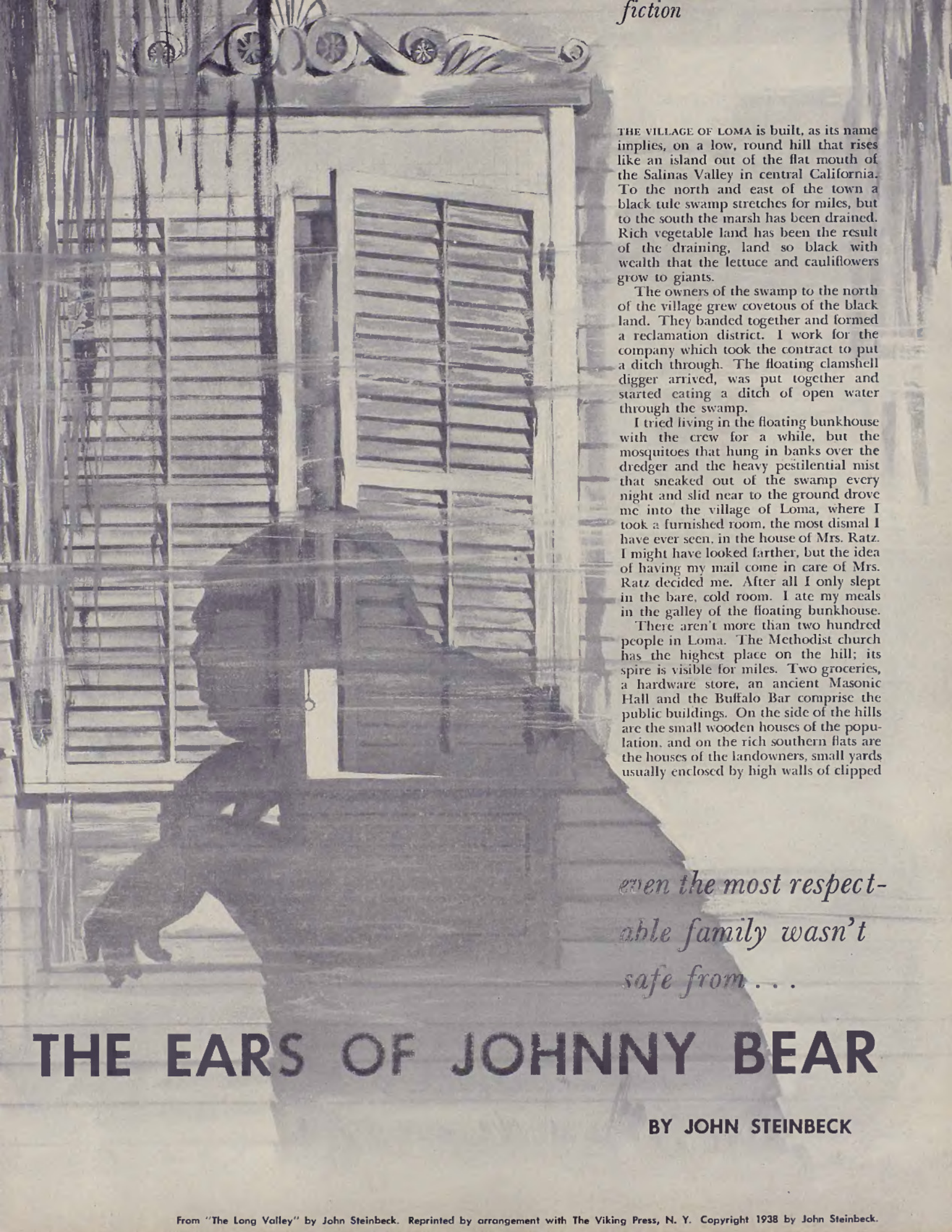
"Look!"

A coppery head bobbed and vanished like a doll in the window. A blue eye glinted and winked at a keyhole.

"It's a plot," whispered Ettil. "A plot. I tell you!"

The odors of perfume were fanned out on the summer air by the whirling vents of the grottoes where the women hid like undersea creatures, under electric cones, their hair curled into wild whorls and peaks, their eyes shrewd and glassy, animal and sly, their mouths painted a neon red. Fans were whirring, the perfumed wind issuing upon the

(continued on page 18)

A black and white photograph of a wooden building, possibly a house or a small shop, with a decorative roof featuring circular motifs. The building has a large window with shutters. In the foreground, a dark silhouette of a person is visible, looking out from the window. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.

THE VILLAGE OF LOMA is built, as its name implies, on a low, round hill that rises like an island out of the flat mouth of the Salinas Valley in central California. To the north and east of the town a black tule swamp stretches for miles, but to the south the marsh has been drained. Rich vegetable land has been the result of the draining, land so black with wealth that the lettuce and cauliflowers grow to giants.

The owners of the swamp to the north of the village grew covetous of the black land. They banded together and formed a reclamation district. I work for the company which took the contract to put a ditch through. The floating clamshell digger arrived, was put together and started eating a ditch of open water through the swamp.

I tried living in the floating bunkhouse with the crew for a while, but the mosquitoes that hung in banks over the dredger and the heavy pestilential mist that sneaked out of the swamp every night and slid near to the ground drove me into the village of Loma, where I took a furnished room, the most dismal I have ever seen, in the house of Mrs. Ratz. I might have looked farther, but the idea of having my mail come in care of Mrs. Ratz decided me. After all I only slept in the bare, cold room. I ate my meals in the galley of the floating bunkhouse.

There aren't more than two hundred people in Loma. The Methodist church has the highest place on the hill; its spire is visible for miles. Two groceries, a hardware store, an ancient Masonic Hall and the Buffalo Bar comprise the public buildings. On the side of the hills are the small wooden houses of the population, and on the rich southern flats are the houses of the landowners, small yards usually enclosed by high walls of clipped

*even the most respectable family wasn't safe from . . .*

# THE EARS OF JOHNNY BEAR

BY JOHN STEINBECK

cypress to keep out the driving afternoon winds.

There was nothing to do in Loma in the evening except to go to the saloon, an old board building with swinging doors and a wooden sidewalk awning. Neither prohibition nor repeal had changed its business, its clientele nor the quality of its whiskey. In the course of an evening every male inhabitant of Loma over fifteen years old came at least once to the Buffalo Bar, had a drink, talked a while and went home.

Fat Carl, the owner and bartender, greeted every newcomer with a phlegmatic sullenness which nevertheless inspired familiarity and affection. His face was sour, his tone downright unfriendly, and yet — I don't know how he did it. I know I felt gratified and warm when Fat Carl knew me well enough to turn his sour pig face to me and say with some impatience, "Well, what's it going to be?" He always asked that although he served only whiskey, and only one kind of whiskey. I have seen him flatly refuse to squeeze some lemon juice into it for a stranger. Fat Carl didn't like fumadiddles. He wore a big towel tied about his middle and he polished the glasses on it as he moved about. The floor was bare wood sprinkled with sawdust, the bar an old store counter, the chairs were hard and straight; the only decorations were the posters and cards and pictures stuck to the wall by candidates for county elections, salesmen and auctioneers. Some of these were many years old. The card of Sheriff Rittal still begged for re-election although Rittal had been dead for seven years.

The Buffalo Bar sounds, even to me, like a terrible place, but when you walked down the night street, over the wooden sidewalks, when the long streamers of swamp fog, like waving, dirty bunting, flapped in your face, when finally you pushed open the swinging doors of Fat Carl's and saw men sitting around talking and drinking, and Fat Carl coming along toward you, it seemed pretty nice. You couldn't get away from it.

There would be a game of the mildest kind of poker going on. Timothy Ratz, the husband of my landlady, would be playing solitaire, cheating pretty badly because he only took a drink when he got it out. I've seen him get it out five times in a row. When he won he piled the cards neatly, stood up and walked with great dignity to the bar. Fat Carl, with a glass half filled before he arrived, asked, "What'll it be?"

"Whiskey," said Timothy gravely.

In the long room, men from the farms and the town sat in the straight hard chairs or stood against the old counter. A soft, monotonous rattle of conversation went on except at times of elections or big prizefights, when there might be orations or loud opinions.

I hated to go out into the damp night, and to hear far off in the swamp

the chattering of the Diesel engine on the dredger and the clang of the bucket, and then to go to my own dismal room at Mrs. Ratz'.

Soon after my arrival in Loma I scraped an acquaintance with Mae Romero, a pretty half-Mexican girl. Sometimes in the evening I walked with her down the south side of the hill, until the nasty fog drove us back into town. After I escorted her home I dropped in at the bar for a while.

I was sitting in the bar one night talking to Alex Hartnell who owned a nice little farm. We were talking about black bass fishing, when the front doors opened and swung closed. A hush fell on the men in the room. Alex nudged me and said, "It's Johnny Bear." I looked around.

His name described him better than I can. He looked like a great, stupid, smiling bear. His black matted head bobbed forward and his long arms hung out as though he should have been on all fours and was only standing upright as a trick. His legs were short and bowed, ending with strange, square feet. He was dressed in dark blue denim, but his feet were bare; they didn't seem to be crippled or deformed in any way, but they were square, just as wide as they were long. He stood in the doorway, swinging his arms jerkily the way halfwits do. On his face there was a foolish happy smile. He moved forward and for all his bulk and clumsiness, he seemed to creep. He didn't move like a man, but like some prowling night animal. At the bar he stopped, his little bright eyes went about from face to face expectantly, and he asked, "Whiskey?"

Loma was not a treating town. A man might buy a drink for another if he were pretty sure the other would immediately buy one for him. I was surprised when one of the quiet men laid a coin on the counter. Fat Carl filled the glass. The monster took it and gulped the whiskey.

"What the devil—" I began. But Alex nudged me and said "Sh."

There began a curious pantomime. Johnny Bear moved to the door and then he came creeping back. The foolish smile never left his face. In the middle of the room he crouched down on his stomach. A voice came from his throat, a voice that seemed familiar to me.

"But you are too beautiful to live in a dirty little town like this."

The voice rose to a soft throaty tone, with just a trace of accent in the words. "You just tell me that."

I'm sure I nearly fainted. The blood pounded in my ears. I flushed. It was my voice coming out of the throat of Johnny Bear, my words, my intonation. And then it was the voice of Mae Romero—exact. If I had not seen the crouching man on the floor I would have called to her. The dialogue went on. Such things sound silly when some one else says them. Johnny Bear went right on, or rather I should say I went right on. He said things and made

sounds. Gradually the faces of the men turned from Johnny Bear, turned toward me, and they grinned at me. I could do nothing. I knew that if I tried to stop him I would have a fight on my hands. And so the scene went on, to a finish. When it was over I was cravenly glad Mae Romero had no brothers. What obvious, forced ridiculous words had come from Johnny Bear. Finally he stood up, still smiling the foolish smile, and he asked again, "Whiskey?"

I think the men in the bar were sorry for me. They looked away from me and talked elaborately to one another. Johnny Bear went to the back of the room, crawled under a round card table, curled up like a dog and went to sleep.

Alex Hartnell was regarding me with compassion. "First time you ever heard him?"

"Yes, what in hell is he?"

Alex ignored my question for a moment. "If you're worrying about Mae's reputation, don't. Johnny Bear has followed Mae before."

"But how did he hear us? I didn't see or hear him."

"No one sees or hears Johnny Bear when he's on business. He can move like no movement at all. Know what our young men do when they go out with girls? They take a dog along. Dogs are afraid of Johnny and they can smell him coming."

"But good God! Those voices—"

Alex nodded. "I know. Some of us wrote up to the university about Johnny, and a young man came down. He took a look and then he told us about Blind Tom."

"You mean the Negro piano player? Yes, I've heard of him."

"Well, Blind Tom was a half-wit. He could hardly talk, but he could imitate anything he heard on the piano, long pieces. They tried him with fine musicians and he reproduced not only the music but every little personal emphasis. To catch him they made little mistakes, and he played the mistakes. He photographed the playing in the tiniest detail. The man says Johnny Bear is the same, only he can photograph words and voices. He tested Johnny with a long passage in Greek and Johnny did it exactly. He doesn't know the words he's saying, he just says them. He hasn't brains enough to make anything up, so you know that what he says is what he heard."

"But why does he do it? Why is he interested in listening if he doesn't understand?"

Alex rolled a cigarette and lighted it. "He isn't, but he loves whiskey. He knows if he listens in windows and comes here and repeats what he hears, someone will give him whiskey. He tries to palm off Mrs. Ratz' conversation in the store, or Jerry Noland arguing with his mother, but he can't get whiskey for such things."

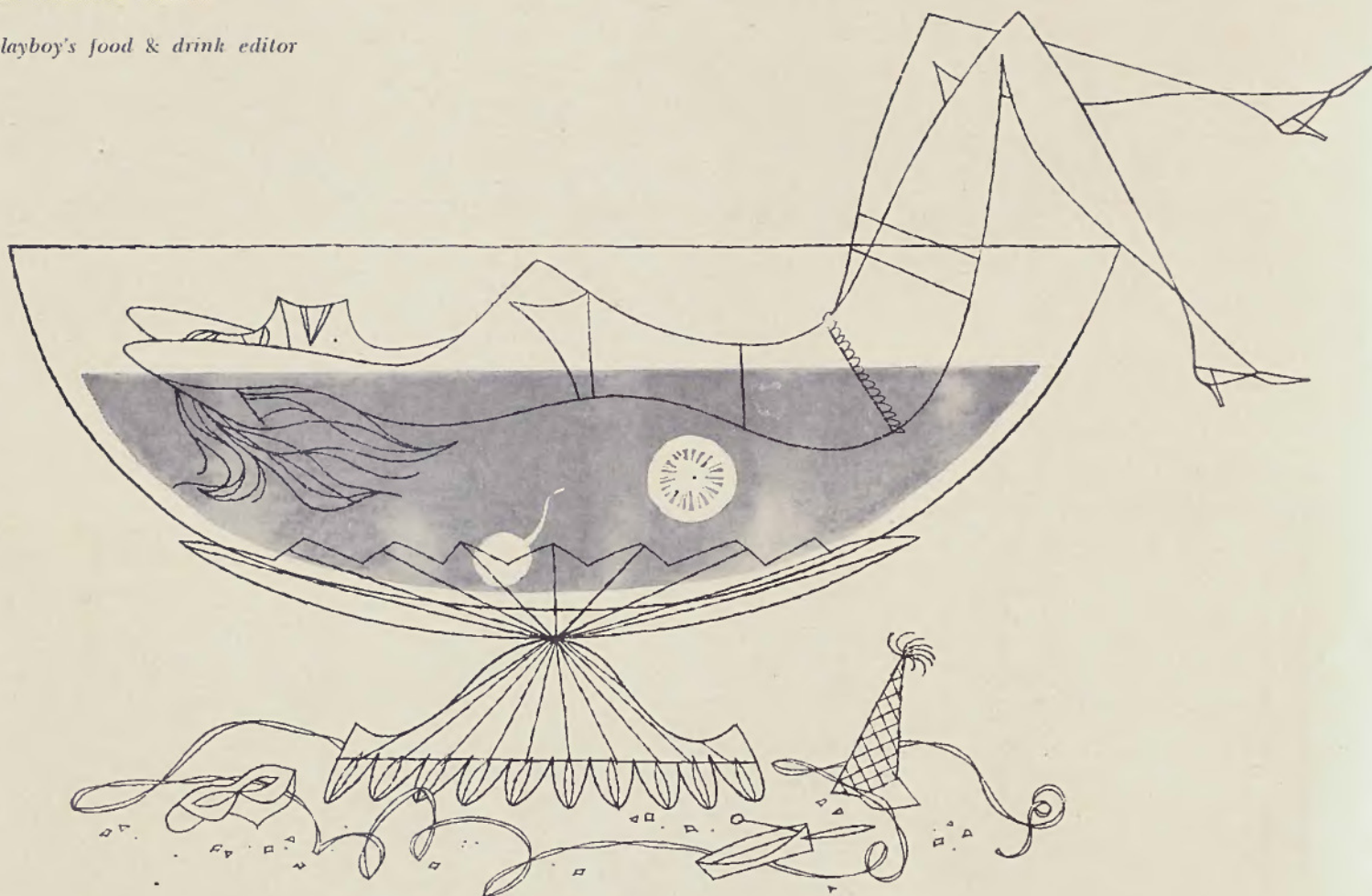
I said, "It's funny somebody hasn't shot him while he was peeking in windows." (continued on page 35)



*"And what's more, Madam, you are no more embarrassed than I am!"*

BY THOMAS MARIO

*playboy's food & drink editor*



## PLAYBOY AT THE PUNCH BOWL

IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY of man's ruin, which began ages and ages ago, no scholar has ever observed a lone drinker staggering around a punch bowl.

Solitary rum soaks of all types have been seen bending their elbows in deserted bars, in caves, dens and dugouts. But whenever a punch bowl appears, a happy mob of hell raisers gathers around.

Any playboy, for instance, entertaining his friends, can go to the cabinet to mix martinis and nobody will be conscious of his movements or his moonshine. He can split a cake of ice with an axe, drop a whole trayful of glasses, spill the gin down his drawers and nobody will bat a whisker. But let him announce that he is setting up a punch bowl and he will have as much privacy as a man taking a bath in full view of the spectators at an Army-Yale football game. The gang will rush to his side with all the grace of a dozen beer barrels rolling down a flight of cellar steps. They'll offer him advice,

suggestions, recipes and philosophy. They'll tell him to add a little more African tangerine brandy or mix in just a little more ether. In short, they'll be sociable.

If there is a young etymologist in the room, he'll at once point out that the word "punch" as applied to punch bowl is not the same from a semantic viewpoint as the word punch meaning kick in the guts. The etymologist, shouting above the din, will explain that the punch in punch bowl comes from the Hindustani *panch* meaning five. Somebody will then shout "Five what?" There will be as many interpretations as there are guzzlers present.

One authority will be cited to say that the five naturally means the five characteristics of punch — hot, cold, sweet, bitter and strong. Another booze etymologist will argue that five refers to the classical ingredients of early American punch bowls: rum, tea, sugar, water and fruit. An explorer will call

them all idiots and describe the famous oriental swizzle he drank for years containing tea, water, sugar, lemon and arrack. Someone will try to allay the rising voices by explaining simply that anybody who has ever attended a New Year's party must certainly have tasted egg nog, which, any child will tell you, contains five ingredients—egg, milk, sugar, liquor and nutmeg.

As the voices continue to rise in greater and greater volume, someone will spot a bottle of Hays Five Fruit Syrup on the shelf and offer this as his final interpretation of the word punch. At this point gentlemen start to remove their coats. Ladies scream. The more agile guests reach for cuspidors preparatory to hurling them across the room when the host quickly announces that punch is ready and the incipient mayhem breaks off as quickly as it started.

Even while the drink is being poured, the variegated experts will continue to cross swords under their

## SUGGESTIONS FOR A SAFE AND INSANE NEW YEAR'S

breath. "Why, these aren't the real punch cups — they're imitation Lowestoft," one ceramic specialist will point out quietly. "They're not punch cups at all," another will hasten to add, "they're Delmonico glasses." "You call these Delmonico glasses! Don't you know a whiskey sour glass when you see one?" "There's only one real punch glass in the world," an antique dealer will state solemnly. "Now at a special sale in Nassau in 1933," he'll continue, and then suddenly become speechless as he examines the grayish orange mixture which the host has just presented. As each person holds his cup of punch there will be a "*Prosit*" or two, a "*Was Hail*" from the rear of the room, a few scattered "Cheerios" and all the guests will swallow the punch simultaneously.

There will, of course, be a communal reaction. Not a word will be heard as the guests take their first big gulp. Lips will pucker, esophagi will burn, tears will appear and as the punch finally settles on the stomachs there will be a symphony of muffled blasts. Then silence.

The silence will only last a few minutes, however, and then all the guests will converge upon the host, at last having attained unanimity of opinion. Breathlessly, they will all tell him that his punch is magnificent.

As round after round of punch is passed, the conviviality will naturally mount. Authorities will again become expansive. The antiquarian will examine the cut glass punch bowl on the table and tell of the famous MacGregor bowl with its elaborate cover of carved bone that sold two decades ago for \$50,000. An Irishman present will describe the old glass punch bowl with the spigot at the bottom, a wonderful improvement over the ladle, which for some unknown reason never caught on. Englishmen will describe the New Year's Wassail, a punch made of hot ale, roasted apples and spices. A Texas girl will tell how her great grandfather celebrated New Year's day in the camp of Lafitte and of how the buccaneers spiked their rum punch with hot peppers.

Young philosophers and history students will soon come around to the subject of original sin and this will inspire someone to recite Henry VIII's list of gifts for January 1, 1528 — which included presents for Wolsey and Warham, the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and thirty-three noble ladies and ten

mistresses.

A student of sociology will describe all New Year's celebrations from the medieval ages to the present as simply a relaxation of the bent bow. The bent bow is the taut bow, the tense rigid path of suppression and virtue. Comes New Year's Eve and the bent bow unbends with a double-distilled zing heard 'round the world.

The punchbowl is still one of the easiest and most direct ways of unbending the gang during the holiday season. If you are giving a party of mixed sexes, the traffic around the punch bowl will generate more leg sidling, more back contacts and more bosom brushing than any other form of conviviality known to man.

The mere existence of the punch bowl on the buffet table will cause playmates to periodically gravitate toward it. If you want to meet the girl with the copper hair and bronze eyebrows, you simply wait until her cup is empty and she is drawn to the magnet. You don't have to warble "Drink to me only with thine eyes," in your best whiskey tenor voice. You simply time things so that your bodies approach the center of interest (the punch bowl) at the same time. In a matter of seconds you have a closeup of her eyes, her complexion, her lips and voice. If you're really inquisitive, you can ladle the punch into her cup and escort her back to the chair. If the punch is potable and potent, you are bound to discover her name, phone number and what she is doing tomorrow night at half past seven.

One of the greatest delights of the punch bowl is that there are no a la carte orders. You don't ask guests what they'll have to drink. Nor do you attempt to memorize sixteen different orders at one time. You don't rack your brain trying to recall that the girl at the fireplace wanted a *creme de menthe frappé*, that the man with her ordered an Irish whiskey with three rocks and that the creep in the corner wanted an absinthe drip cocktail or was it applejack? You shoot the works in a generous one-for-all splurge.

The big bowl with whole bottles of liquor emptied into it at one time is not for pinch penny gents with cramps in their hands, although the cost of punch for a given number of people is no more than the cost of conventional highballs and cocktails. In some cases the punch bowl is actually an economy.

A champagne punch, for instance, will have all the glamor of popping corks and laughing water. But instead of using an imported vintage champagne you would use good domestic champagne at half the price of the foreign article.

Punch enthusiasts will tell you that you can make punch in anything from a lard bucket to an Andalusian wine jug. Metallic containers, however, may impart an off-flavor especially if the punch is held for any considerable length of time. Glass bowls and glass cups or "Delmonico" glasses (the four-ounce or five-ounce glasses used for serving orange juice) are the happiest combination for any punch bowl party. If you do not own a glass punch bowl, you might borrow one from a friend or rent one from a caterer. If you do not care to acquire a bowl for a single occasion, you might use glass water pitchers or tall martini pitchers.

For all punches except egg nog, use a large solid block of ice. If this is unobtainable in your neighborhood, make the ice in the refrigerator but leave out the separators that are normally used in the ice trays.

There are no strict rules covering the ingredients in a punch bowl. Some punch recipes are completely without rhyme or reason and may contain anything from egg, beer, milk and sugar mixed together for the Transylvanian Beer Punch to a medley of grape juice, barley sugar and strawberries. This kind of ad libbing is cute at times. You can if you wish, take any liquid — wine, whiskey, fruit juice, carbonated water or tea — mix them in an unplanned order and the result may be a drink that is happily potable. But much more trustworthy are the traditional recipes that are brought up to date with just enough variations to make them intriguing without being daffy.

For the coming New Year's festivities, *PLAYBOY* presents its party tested punch bowl recipes. These are all mid-winter punches and do not include such hot weather drinks as rum fruit punch, Rhine wine punch, etc. Recipes are for approximately one gallon or enough to fill 32 punch cups of average size.

### WHISKEY PUNCH

It isn't necessary to buy the most expensive rye in the world but you should select a rye with a straight  
(concluded on page 40)

## CONCRETE MIXER (continued from page 12)

stillness, moving among green trees, creeping among the amazed Martians. "For God's sake!" screamed Ettil, his nerves suddenly breaking loose. "Let's get in our rockets — go home! They'll get us! Those horrid things in there. See them? Those evil undersea things, those women in their cool little caverns of artificial rock!"

"Shut up!"

Look at them in there, he thought, drifting their dresses like cool green gills over their pillar legs. He shouted.

"Someone shut his mouth!"

"They'll rush out on us, hurling chocolate boxes and copies of *Kleig Love and Holly Pick-ture*, shrieking with their red greasy mouths! Inundate us with banality, destroy our sensibilities! Look at them, being electrocuted by devices, their voices like hums and chants and murmurs! Do you dare go in there?"

"Why not?" asked the other Martians.

"They'll fry you, bleach you, change you! Crack you, flake you away until you're nothing but a husband, a working man, the one with the money who pays so they can come sit in there devouring their evil chocolates! Do you think you could control them?"

"Yes, by the gods!"

From a distance a voice drifted, a high and shrill voice, a woman's voice saying, "Ain't that middle one there cute?"

"Martians ain't so bad after all. Gee, they're just men," said another, fading. "Hey, there. *Yoo-hoo!* Martians! Hey!"

Yelling, Ettil ran . . .

. . .

He sat in a park and trembled steadily. He remembered what he had seen. Looking up at the dark night sky, he felt so far from home, so deserted. Even now, as he sat among the still trees, in the distance he could see Martian warriors walking the streets with the Earth women, vanishing into the phantom darknesses of the little emotion palaces to hear the ghastly sounds of white things moving on gray screens, with little frizz-haired women beside them, wads of gelatinous gum working in their jaws, other wads under the seats, hardening with the fossil imprints of the women's tiny cat teeth forever imbedded therein. The cave of winds — the cinema.

"Hello."

He jerked his head in terror.

A woman sat on the bench beside him, chewing gum lazily. "Don't run off; I don't bite," she said.

"Oh," he said.

"Like to go to the pictures?" she said.

"No."

"Aw, come on," she said. "Everybody else is."

"No," he said. "Is that all you do in this world?"

"All? Ain't that enough?" Her blue eyes widened suspiciously. "What you want me to do — sit home, read a book? Ha, ha! That's rich."

Ettil stared at her a moment before asking a question.

"Do you do anything else?" he asked.

"Ride in cars. You got a car? You oughta get you a big new convertible Podler Six. Gee, they're fancy! Any man with a Podler Six can go out with any gal, you bet!" she said, blinking at him. "I bet you got all kinds of money — you come from Mars and all. I bet if you really wanted you could get a Podler Six and travel everywhere."

"To the show maybe?"

"What's wrong with 'at?"

"Nothing — nothing."

"You know what you talk like, mister?" she said. "A Communist! Yes, sir, that's the kinda talk nobody stands for, by gosh. Nothing wrong with our little old system. We was good enough to let you Martians invade, and we never raised even our bitty finger, did we?"

"That's what I've been trying to understand," said Ettil. "Why did you let us?"

"'Cause we're bighearted, mister; that's why! Just remember that, bighearted." She walked off to look for someone else.

Gathering courage to himself, Ettil began to write a letter to his wife, moving the pen carefully over the paper on his knee.

"Dear Tylla —"

But again he was interrupted. A small-little-girl-of-an-old-woman, with a pale round wrinkled little face, shook her tambourine in front of his nose, forcing him to glance up.

"Brother," she cried, eyes blazing. "Have you been saved?"

"Am I in danger?" Ettil dropped his pen, jumping.

"Terrible danger!" she wailed, clanking her tambourine, gazing at the sky. "You need to be saved, brother, in the worst way!"

"I'm inclined to agree," he said, trembling.

"We saved lots already today. I saved three myself, of you Mars people. Ain't that nice?" She grinned at him.

"I guess so."

She was acutely suspicious. She leaned forward with her secret whisper. "Brother," she wanted to know, "you been baptized?"

"I don't know," he whispered back.

"You don't know?" she cried, flinging up hand and tambourine.

"Is it like being shot?" he asked.

"Brother," she said, "you are in a bad and sinful condition. I blame it on your ignorant bringing up. I bet those schools on Mars are terrible — don't teach you no truth at all. Just a pack of made-up lies. Brother, you got to be baptized if you want to be happy."

"Will it make me happy even in this world here?" he said.

"Don't ask for everything on your platter," she said. "Be satisfied with a wrinkled pea, for there's another world we're all going to that's better than

this one."

"I know that world," he said.

"It's peaceful," she said.

"Yes."

"There's quiet," she said.

"Yes."

"There's milk and honey flowing."

"Why, yes," he said.

"And everybody's laughing."

"I can see it now," he said.

"A better world," she said.

"Far better," he said. "Yes, Mars is a great planet."

"Mister," she said, tightening up and almost flinging the tambourine in his face. "You been joking with me?"

"Why, no." He was embarrassed and bewildered. "I thought you were talking about —"

"Not about mean old nasty Mars, I tell you, mister! It's your type that is going to boil for years, and suffer and break out in black pimples and be tortured —"

"I must admit Earth isn't very nice. You've described it beautifully."

"Mister, you're funning me again!" she cried angrily.

"No, no — please. I plead ignorance."

"Well," she said, "you're a heathen, and heathens are improper. Here's a paper. Come to this address tomorrow night and be baptized and be happy. We shouts and we stomps and we talk in voices, so if you want to hear our all-cornet, all-brass band, you come, won't you now?"

"I'll try," he said hesitantly.

Down the street she went, patting her tambourine, singing at the top of her voice, "Happy Am I, I'm Always Happy."

Dazed, Ettil returned to his letter.

"Dear Tylla: To think that in my naivete I imagined that the Earthmen would have to counterattack with guns and bombs. No, no. I was sadly wrong. There is no Rick or Mick or Jick or Bannon — those clever fellows who save worlds. No."

"There are blond robots with pink rubber bodies, real, but somehow unreal, alive but somehow automatic in all responses, living in caves all of their lives. Their *derrieres* are incredible in girth. Their eyes are fixed and motionless from an endless time of staring at picture screens. The only muscles they have occur in their jaws from their ceaseless chewing of gum."

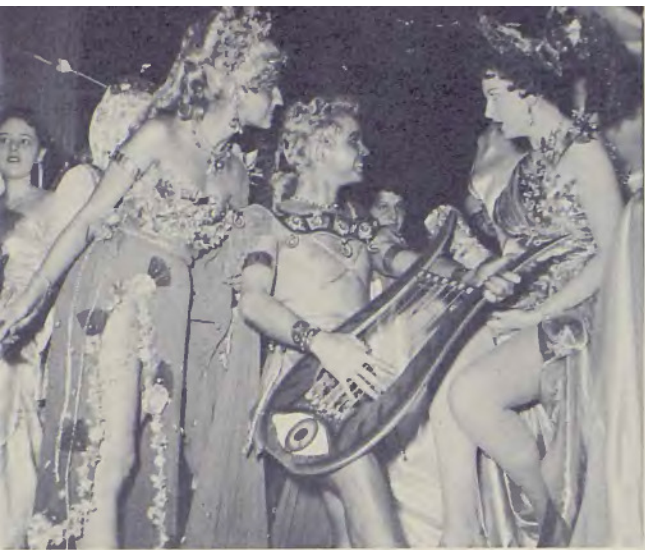
"And it is not only these, my dear Tylla, but the entire civilization into which we have been dripped like a shovelful of seeds into a large concrete mixer. Nothing of us will survive. We will be killed not by the gun but by the gladhand. We will be destroyed not by the rocket but by the automobile . . ."

Somebody screamed. A crash, another crash. Silence.

Ettil leaped up from his letter. Outside, on the street, two cars had crashed. One full of Martians, another with Earthmen. Ettil returned to his letter:

"Dear, dear Tylla, a few statistics if you will allow. Forty-five thousand

(continued on page 42)

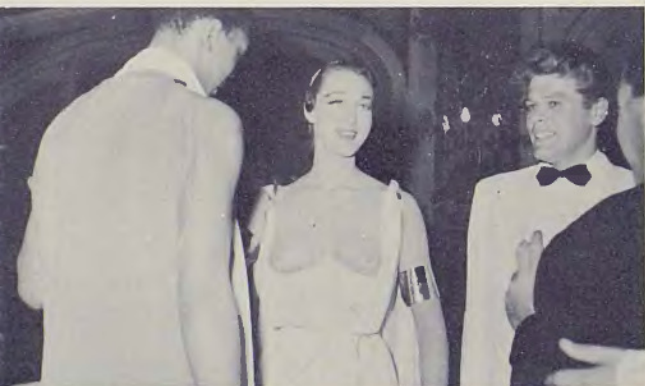


Actress Deborah Kerr (seated, right) and friends dressed as Greek god and goddesses. Deborah took time out from her hit play, "Tea and Sympathy," to reign as Queen of the Artists Masquerade Ball.

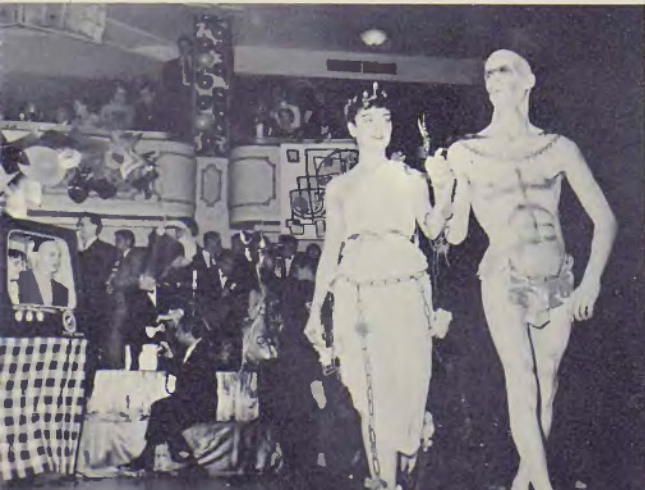
**T**HERE'S A WIDESPREAD RUMOR that the pagan gods and goddesses took a terrific beating about two thousand years ago and slunk off with their tails between their legs, never to be seen again.

Don't you believe it. They've just been biding their time, and lately they've been making their presence known again at a thing called the Artists Equity Masquerade Ball.

For though this affair is held in one of the better hotels in the center of New



Above: This enterprising young lady discovered a sure bet for being the center of attraction. Below: A macabre gentleman and his slave-girl date parade past judges awarding prizes for the best costumes.



## BABYLON, U. S. A.

*inhibitions take a holiday  
as the artists have a ball*



Above: A living painting of our first president shares honors with a brilliant Aztec sunburst made up of equal portions of gold and girl. Below: Loin-cloth, leopard-skin and lots of epidermis make a simple but effective costume for this jungle girl. Art Ball arrivals made a point of disembarking from taxis at wrong entrances and parading through the lobby of the staid Waldorf-Astoria.



York City, it has no relation to the sober modern world. It is a pagan renaissance, a gay and colorful harking-back to the days of ancient Babylon, of Rome, of Sodom and Gomorrah.

An innocent passer-by who happened to wander in would be very much impressed by the revelers' costumes or, more precisely, by the lack of them. He might pass through a crowd of rather conservatively dressed couples and run smack up against a naked Eve looking about for a misplaced fig leaf. When young bohemia goes to an Art Ball, it leaves Twentieth Century clothes and conventions at home. Nudity is encouraged—as long as it's imaginative. So you'll see Lady Godivas, mounted and unmounted, Venus de Milos, with arms but little else, Cleopatras, cen-



The panel of judges included such illustrious show folk as Burgess Meredith, Betsy Von Furstenberg, Celeste Holm and Franchot Tone. Art Ball costumes were judged on ingenuity.



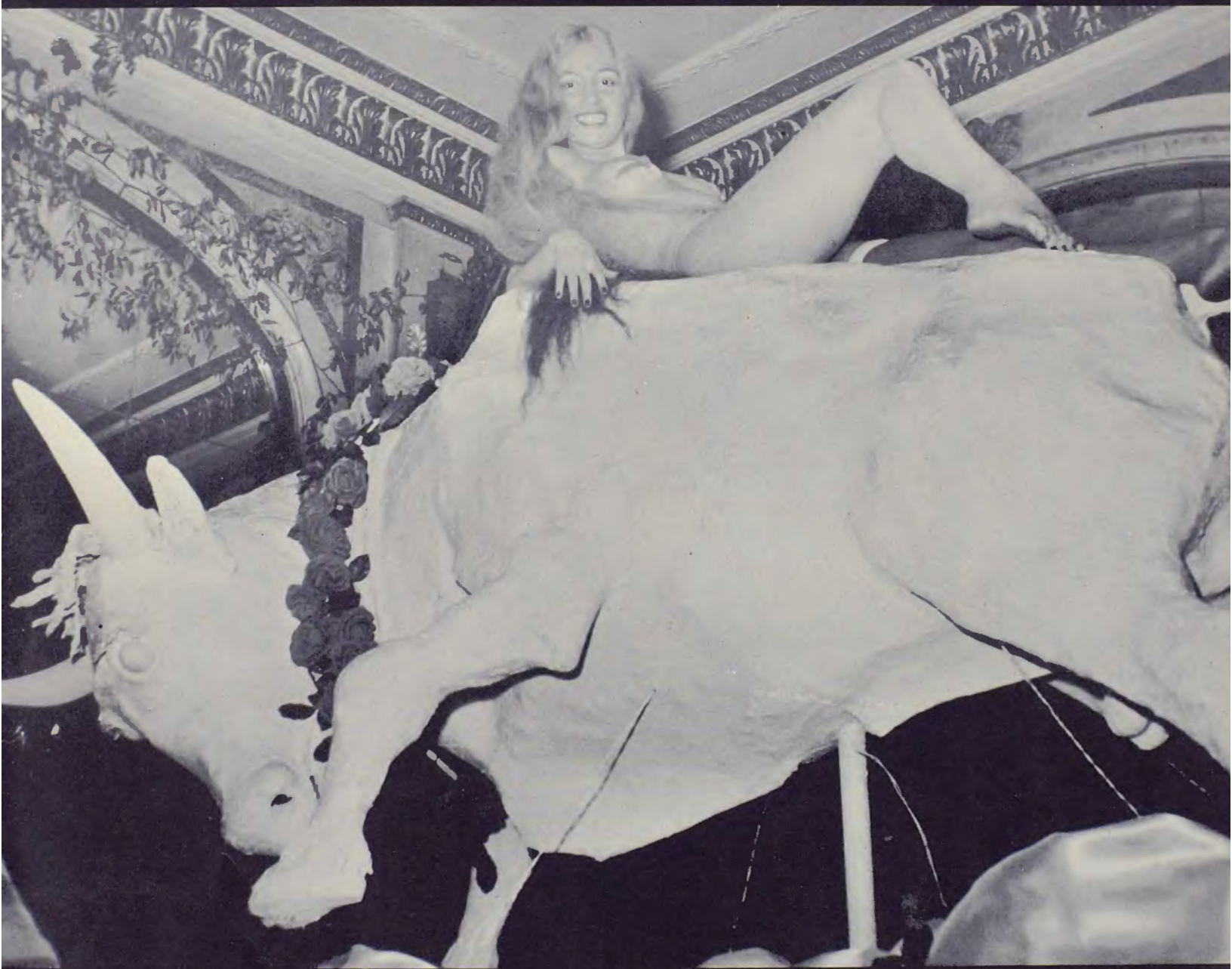
Famous fashion model Dorian Leigh usually appears in Vogue approved styles, but she showed up for the Art Ball in her own spectacular look.



Above: Costumes often give the impression that their designers miscalculated by several inches and covered the wrong areas, but such miscalculations are deliberate. Below: Beautiful Betty Biehn, a Powers model during the day, relaxes by dancing with no less a personage than Nero.



The ancient origins of the Art Ball were proclaimed by this bull, an age-old symbol of fertility that dominated the pleasantly pagan proceedings. In the old days, lovely maidens were sacrificed to its image, but its broad back holds no fear for this modern model.



PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY ALEX SIODMAK



Tasty Tina Louise may not have been the most undressed beauty at the ball, but she was very choice ogling indeed with her flame hair, pretty face and generous chest measurements — attributes that helped make her number one showgirl of John Murray Anderson's Broadway success, "Almanac." Right: As the evening wore on and liquor flowed, imaginations became wilder and woolier, with bizarre dancers like these two going merrily berserk.



taurs, satyrs, bare-breasted slave girls, and more miscellaneously baubled, bangled, and beaded bodies than you can shake a loin cloth at. Plenty of the bodies will be shapely, too, for they'll belong to artists' models and even to haughty high-fashion clothes-horses abandoning the tailored suits of *Vogue* for the more casual Art Ball fashions.

There's always a generous sprinkling of celebrities and society, and though the affairs could never be confused with a debutante's coming out party, some of the more audacious deb's come out of their costumes just the same.

One of the most refreshing things about an Art Ball is that it has no tiresome, high-minded objective. True, there are some concessions to modern custom, such as raising money for the Artists Equity Fund, but nobody gets solemn about it. Everybody is too busy enjoying themselves in the best pagan tradition: eating, drinking, dancing, ogling each other, and pleasant etceteras. We knew you wouldn't want to miss the fun, so we sent a man to the last one, and the man took a camera.







*"A peeping tom, eh? Men like you are a disgrace to the community."*

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A girl friend of ours entered a crossword-puzzle contest and missed first prize by just two letters. The problem, she said, was to find a four letter word, ending in *i-l*, to describe what is commonly found on the floors of bird cages. She was sure she had it, but the judges didn't care for her solution. Seems the correct answer was *grit*.



"Why don't you smile?" the teacher asked young Johnny.

"I didn't have no breakfast," Johnny replied.

"You poor dear," said the teacher. "But to return to our geography lesson, Johnny: where is the Polish border?"

"In bed with Mama—that's why I didn't have no breakfast."

The storm smashed the great ship to pieces. One small boat of survivors found its way to a nearby island and safety. Realizing that they had been blown off the usual steamship route and would probably be on the island for many months before being rescued, the survivors proceeded to set up satisfactory living arrangements. Since the survivors included six women and one man, these "arrangements" were a little unusual.

It was agreed amongst them that rather than fight over the lucky fellow, each girl would take her turn, having him entirely to herself one day each week; and that he would have the seventh day to himself.

Being a normal sort of a guy, our friend threw himself into the situation with a great deal of enthusiasm. The first few weeks, he didn't even bother with his day of rest. As time passed, however, he began looking forward to that one day at the end of each week. Eventually, in fact, it was that day that filled his every thought; he longed to be off the island, to hear a masculine voice again, and to sleep, for days, and days, and days.

One morning, a Saturday, with

the week almost at an end, he spotted a small raft on the horizon, and on it a figure. He waved frantically as the raft approached the island, and when it was near enough and he realized that the new arrival was a man, he dashed down the hill to the beach. As the man pulled himself out of the water, our friend threw his arms around him and cried: "Man, you've no idea how glad I am to see you!"

"Well goodness, fellow," swished the new arrival. "I'm gladda see you, too!"

"My God," croaked the weary one, "there go my Sundays!"

It was her wedding night and the sweet young thing was in a romantic haze. "Oh, darling," she sighed, "we're married at last. It's all like a wonderful dream!" Her husband didn't answer.

A few moments passed, she sighed again, and said: "I'm afraid I'll awake in a moment and find it isn't true." Still no response from her spouse.

Another pause and another sensuous sigh, then, softly: "I just can't believe that I'm really your wife."

"Damn it," growled her mate, "as soon as I get this shoelace untied you will!"



"What part of the human body," asked the Anatomy professor, "is harder than steel?" Nobody in the class volunteered the information, so he looked in the direction of a sweet coed and asked, "Can you tell me, Miss Riley?"

She blushed a deep scarlet and lowered her eyes, murmuring, "Oh, please don't ask me to answer that, Professor!"

Crisply, he said, "The answer is the tissue of the nails. And you, Miss Riley," he added with a sigh, "are an optimist."

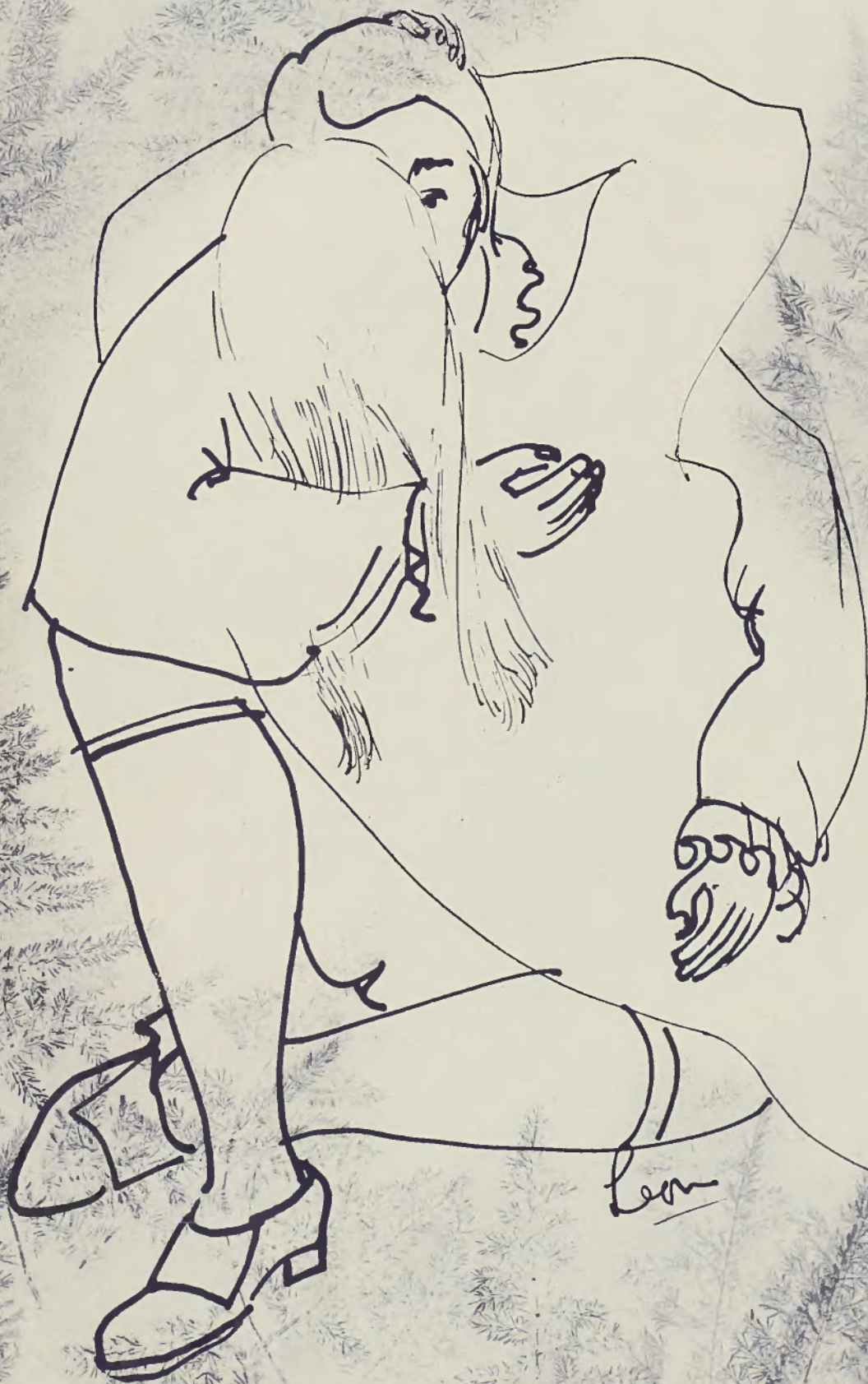
*Have you heard any good ones lately? Earn an easy five dollars by sending the best to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois. No jokes can be returned.*



MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





*A predicament in rhyme from the pen of the Seventeenth Century Earl of Rochester.*

## RIBALD CLASSICS

### THE IMPERFECT ENJOYMENT

Naked she lay, claspt in my longing Arms,  
I fill'd with Love, and she all over Charms,  
Both equally inspir'd, with eager fire,  
Melting through kindness, flaming in desire;  
With Arms, Legs, Lips close clinging to embrace,  
She clips me to her Breast, and sucks me to her Face.  
The nimble Tongue (Love's lesser Lightning) plaid  
Within my Mouth, and to my thoughts convey'd  
Swift Orders, that I should prepare to throw  
The All-dissolving Thunderbolt below.  
My flutt'ring Soul, sprung with the pointed Kiss,  
Hangs hov'ring o'er her balmy Limbs of Bliss.  
But whilst her busie hand wou'd guide that part  
Which shou'd convey my Soul up to her Heart,  
In liquid Raptures I dissolve all o'er,  
Melting in Love, such Joys ne'er felt before.  
A touch from any part of her had don't,  
Her Hand, her Foot, her very locks had charms upon't.  
Smiling, she chides in a soft murmuring Noise,  
And sighs to feel the too too hasty Joys;  
When with a Thousand Kisses, wand'ring O're  
My panting Breast, and is there then no more?  
She cries: All this to Love, and Raptures due,  
Must we not pay a debt to pleasure too?  
But I the most forlorne, lost Man alive,  
To shew my wisht Obedience vainly strive,  
I sigh alas! and Kiss, but cannot drive.  
Eager desires, confound my first intent,  
Succeeding Shame, does more success prevent,  
And Rage, at last, confirms me impotent.

Ev'n her fair Hand, which might bid Heat return  
To frozen Age, and make cold Hermits burn,  
Apply'd to my dead Cinder, warms no more,  
Than Fire to Ashes, cou'd past Flames restore.  
Trembling, confus'd, despairing, limber, dry,  
A wishing, weak, unmoving lump I ly,

This Dart of Love, whose piercing point oft try'd  
With Virgin Blood, a hundred Maids has dy'd.  
Which Nature still directed with such Art,  
That it through ev'ry Port, reacht ev'ry Heart.  
Stiffly resolv'd, turn'd careless I invade,  
Where it essay'd, nor ought its fury staid,  
Where e'er it pierc'd, entrance it found or made.  
Now languid lies, in this unhappy hour,  
Shrunk up, and Sapless, like a wither'd Flow'r.  
Thou treacherous, base, deserter of my flame,  
False to my passion, fatal to my Fame,  
By what mistaken Magick dost thou prove  
So true to lewdness, so untrue to Love?  
What Oyster, Cinder, Beggar, common Whore,  
Didst thou e'er fail in all thy Life before?  
When Vice, Disease and Scandal lead the way,  
With what officious haste didst thou obey?  
Like a Rude-roaring Hector, in the Streets,  
That Scuffles, Cuffs, and Ruffles all he meets;  
But if his King or Country claim his Aid,  
The Rascal Villain shrinks and hides his Head:  
E'en so is thy Brutal Valor displaid  
Breaks ev'ry Stews, and does each small Crack invade,  
But if great Love the onset does command,  
Base recreant to thy Prince, thou dost not stand.  
Worst part of me, and henceforth hated most,  
Through all the Town, the common rubbing Post;  
On whom each wretch relieves her lustful want,  
As Hogs, on Goats, do rub themselves and grunt,  
May'st thou to rav'nous Shankers be a Prey,  
Or in consuming Weepings waste away.  
May Stranguries, and Stone thy Dayes attend.  
May'st thou not Piss, who didst so much offend,  
When all my joyes did on false thee depend.  
And may ten thousand abler Men agree  
To do the wrong'd Corinna right for thee.





*"I'm sure we've met somewhere before. Weren't you  
at Cassius' orgy last Saturday night?"*



## THE STAG AT EVE

NEW YEAR'S, THAT IS



humor BY RAY RUSSELL

IT IS NOT WITHOUT a certain eagerness that I watch the year 1954 lick its wounds and repair to some remote corner of limbo to die. For as New Year's Eve draws ever closer, I am reminded of last New Year's Eve and of my conduct on that occasion, the scars of which have not yet quite vanished from my psyche.

The evening began quietly enough: the clink of ice-cubes in the martini pitcher, the gentle laughter of a few dear friends—these were the only sounds to sully the air of my small but impeccably appointed digs. And pleasant sounds they were. Civilized sounds. Outside, the coarse proletariat was giving vent to its animal spirits by blowing tin horns, beating on washtubs, and goosing its females, but in the trim upholstered sanctuary of my apartment, order prevailed. Someone had even put a Bach passacaglia on the phonograph. Nothing, I thought with security as I poured the martinis and popped a furtive olive into my mouth, is more orderly than a Bach passacaglia.

My guests had arrived singly or in pairs during the past hour: an insurance underwriter and his wife, an amateur actor who thought he resembled John Gielgud because he had a large nose, a lady writer who had once sold a poem to *The New Yorker* and would quote it at the first lull in the conversation, an ad man who had read *The Hucksters* and felt guilty ever since, a dress designer whose sex I had never

been able to decide, and a staunch old drinking companion of mine, Roscoe Kennedy, a man of profligate habits, who arrived simultaneously with a young woman whom I took to be his current preoccupation and who introduced herself simply as Charity.

"Perfect martinis, old man," my guests said warmly as I passed among them with the icy glasses. The first round went quickly down the thirsty throats and I was soon in the kitchenette again, mixing another pitcherfull.

Charity followed me in to request "Just a little less vermouth this time, darling, please" and to bite my ear in a friendly way. Charity, I should add, was yellow of hair, ripe of figure, and full of Southern Comfort she had acquired somewhere en route to my modest little soirée. She referred to me as a doll and ran her index finger leisurely up my spine. This I found strangely provocative. "Give me an olive, doll," were her words, and they were uttered in plush contralto tones that went straight to my groin and stayed there for several minutes.

I think I can say without extravagance that I am likable, warm of heart, and mildly pleasing to the eye. I have, in fact, been compared favorably to Gregory Peck by one young lady, and I must admit that although Mr. Peck is somewhat taller than I, and perhaps thinner, with wider shoulders, a trifle more hair, a squarer jaw, and a more classically

modelled nose, the comparison is not unfounded.

Cognizant of my charm, then, I was not particularly surprised when Charity announced a preference for having the requested olive conveyed to her teeth by the medium of my lips, rather than more conventional techniques. Always amenable, I proffered the tiny green spheroid to her in this manner. Quite by accident, our lips touched. A full forty seconds later, they were still touching, and we were playing a kind of dental tug-of-war with the olive. I was also becoming aware of her bust, which was brushing my lapels with almost premeditated regularity. This, too, I found strangely provocative.

"The ice-cubes," I said after recovering from my paralysis and relinquishing the olive, "are melting. We don't want watery martinis, now do we?" I attempted an arch tone, but I fear it came out as a rather scratchy whimper, due to the sudden dryness of my throat.

"Hell no, lover," she said huskily, "that would never do." Then, hiccupping daintily, she turned and ambled sinuously toward the living room, giving me a protracted view of her mobile hips. At the doorway, she paused, turned in my direction, and allowed her eyes to travel slowly from my eyebrows to my shoes and back again. Licking her lips and emitting one short, dog-like bark, she exited.

I looked into the martini pitcher. The

ice-cubes had shrunken to the size of dice. I emptied the limp dilution into the sink and mixed another batch, working rapidly lest Charity should decide to return and again interrupt my labors. I filled the glasses and, finding an inch or two left in the pitcher, lifted it to my lips and drained it. I got an ice-cube in my eye, and my chin dribbled, but it was worth it. After that episode with Charity, I desperately needed strong drink.

Let me say at this point that I am no prude. Indeed, some conservative persons have called me a rounder. I deny nothing. But strict parental discipline as a child has had a far-reaching effect upon me. Mid-Victorian though it may seem, I cannot bring myself to, for example, trespass upon another's property. And, though Charity was unmistakably inviting my trespasses, it was an incontrovertible fact that Roscoe Kennedy was my best friend. That he was also a head taller than I, several pounds heavier, and had won notoriety in the Golden Gloves as a youth, is, of course, irrelevant.

When I re-entered the living room with the second round of drinks, the Bach passacaglia was a thing of the past and Ravel's *Bolero* had taken over. (Lest you think badly of my taste, let me assure you that I do not possess, and have never possessed, a recording of the *Bolero*. Somebody must have brought it along.)

Charity was—dancing. Yes, that's the word. Her pelvis was spasmodically twitching as if attached by strings to the throbbing accents of the music. Her eyelids were at half-mast. Her shoes were off. Her lips were parted. It occurred to me that Charity's lips were always parted. I found it strangely provocative.

"The libation bearer approaches," I quipped, to conceal my true emotions. But as I walked, my eyes remained riveted to Charity and I tripped over the underwriter's feet, sending one chilly martini down his wife's décolletage. Her reaction was brief and to the point. She rose quickly, with a sharp cry, and headed toward the bathroom and a towel.

While I was on my knees, mopping up that small percentage of the martini that had missed the lady, Charity leaned over and whispered in my ear. My eyeballs seemed to creep from their sockets and saunter down the neck of her dress as she said, "And what if that happened to me, doll? Would you go after the olive like an enterprising young buck should?"

"Now see here—" I began, waving a righteous forefinger. She seized it.

"Cold hands," she said, and added with a wealth of lechery, "warm heart."

I stole a quick glance in the direction of Roscoe. He was looking at me with an expression best described as unfathomable. It may have been Suspicion, Aroused Ire, Shattered Faith, Intent to Kill, or possibly a combination of these. It may also have been Nausea, although my gin was the very best brand. I avoided his eyes.

The lady writer had found an opportunity to recite her *New Yorker* verse:

"I will concede their lofty aim

Is eminently laudable.

Their gentle comment none can blame:

But must they be inaudible?

"It's called *On Certain FM Announcers*," she explained.

"On your feet, doll," said Charity, dragging me to a standing position. "You and I are gonna trip the light fantastic."

Fantastic it was, but hardly light. Against my better judgement, I joined her in a grotesque parody of a dance I had seen performed by George Raft and Carole Lombard, when a lad. The general flavor was Spanish: it involved a lot of foot-stamping and snapping of fingers over the head, dilated nostrils and narrowed eyes. You know.

Ravel's *Bolero*, in case you haven't heard it lately, consists of exactly one theme endlessly repeated in ever-widening circles of hysteria. The effect is hypnotic. After the first five minutes, I became an automaton. I couldn't stop. Neither could Charity. The music grew louder, the room grew hazy. Periodically, someone would thrust a drink into my hand and I would swallow it in one gulp, return the glass with an abandoned toss over the shoulder, and shout "*Olé!*"

Then the noise outside grew louder than the noise inside: horns were blown with a vengeance, washtubs were pounded furiously, women were evidently being goosed with pagan frenzy. Someone looked at the clock. A cry went up: "It's midnight!" And the lights were extinguished.

Charity lost no time in pulling me down to the couch. Her hands explored me. Her lips—but why go on? Suffice it to say that though the hard clear light of parental discipline flickered and almost died, by an extreme effort of will I was able to keep it burning.

"No," I said, although my voice was somewhat muffled under the circumstances, "we mustn't."

"Relax, doll," she whispered. "What's to stop us?"

"Decency!" I cried. "The proprieties! Roscoe is my closest friend!"

"Who is your closest what?" she inquired, but I wrenched myself free of her humid grasp and stumbled through the dark to the bedroom. There, after ousting an unduly energetic couple from my bed, I passed out.

...

Let me draw a curtain over the next day. It was passed in an agonizing convalescence too sordid to depict. I myself remember it only as a nightmare thing of ice bags and Alka Seltzer and deep remorse.

The day after that, however, I phoned Roscoe. After exchanging the usual hearty mundanities, I said, "Roscoe, old boy, I hope you won't think I was, uh, beating your time the other night."

His reply was enigmatic: "Huh?"

"I mean to say, that is, well I suppose it may have looked like I was (ha-ha) making a play for Charity or something, but—"

"So?"

"So believe me—nothing could be further from the truth. Friendship is, uh, I mean it's a kind of sacred, yes, that's it, a sacred covenant that should not, nay, *must* not—"

"Will you kindly tell me what you're beating your gums about?"

I stated it as bluntly as I could, and Roscoe said, "Charity? My girl? Look, pal, I came to that shindig *alone*. You mean you didn't invite her?"

I fear I hung up without saying another word. So that was it. A party crasher. Simple. Happens every day. And just because she walked in at the same time Roscoe did, I assumed . . .

I am one year older now and a good deal wiser. Come New Year's Eve, there will be no Bach passacaglia and circle of dear friends for me. There will be a young lady, of dimensions and temperament as close to Charity's as possible. There will be martinis. And there will be me. I may begin my feeding her an olive. I may blow a tin horn, too. It's not inconceivable that I may pound a washtub if I can find one. And that isn't all. Life is short, you know. Time is fleeting. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, and all that. I mean what the hell. There's a good chance I may even favor her with one bacchanalian goose at the stroke of twelve.



*"And you were wrong, Mother . . . I liked it."*

Alex picked at his cigarette. "Lots of people have tried, but you just don't see Johnny Bear, and you don't catch him. You keep your windows closed, and even then you talk in a whisper if you don't want to be repeated. You were lucky it was dark tonight. If he had seen you, he might have gone through the action too. You should see Johnny Bear screw up his face to look like a girl. It's pretty awful."

I looked toward the sprawled figure under the table. Johnny Bear's back was turned to the room. The light fell on his black matted hair. I saw a big fly land on his head, and then I swear I saw the whole scalp shiver the way the skin of a horse shivers under flies. The fly landed again and the moving scalp shook it off. I shuddered too, all over.

Conversation in the room had settled to the bored monotone again. Fat Carl had been polishing a glass on his apron towel for the last ten minutes. A little group of men near me was discussing fighting dogs and fighting cocks, and they switched gradually to bull fighting.

Alex, beside me, said, "Come have a drink."

We walked to the counter. Fat Carl put out two glasses. "What'll it be?"

Neither of us answered. Carl poured out the brown whiskey. He looked sullenly at me and one of his thick, meaty eyelids winked at me solemnly. I don't know why, but I felt flattered. Carl's head twitched back toward the card table. "Got you, didn't he?"

I winked back at him. "Take a dog next time." I imitated his clipped sentences. We drank our whiskey and went back to our chairs. Timothy Ratz won a game of solitaire and moved to the bar.

I looked back at the table under which Johnny Bear lay. He had rolled over on his stomach. His foolish smiling face looked out at the room. His head moved and he peered all about, like an animal about to leave its den. And then he came sliding out and stood up. There was a paradox about his movement. He looked twisted and shapeless, and yet he moved with complete lack of effort.

Johnny Bear crept up the room toward the bar, smiling about at the men he passed. In front of the bar this insistent question arose. "Whiskey? Whiskey?" It was like a bird call. I don't know what kind of bird, but I've heard it—two notes on a rising scale, asking a question over and over, "Whiskey? Whiskey?"

The conversation in the room stopped, but no one came forward to lay money on the counter. Johnny smiled plaintively. "Whiskey?"

Then he tried to cozen them. Out of this throat an angry woman's voice issued. "I tell you it was all bone. Twenty cents a pound, and half bone." And then a man, "Yes, ma'am. I didn't know it. I'll give you some sausage to

make it up."

Johnny Bear looked around expectantly. "Whiskey?" Still none of the men offered to come forward. Johnny crept to the front of the room and crouched. I whispered, "What's he doing?"

Alex said "Sh. Looking through a window. Listen!"

A woman's voice came, a cold sure voice, the words clipped. "I can't quite understand it. Are you some kind of monster? I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen you."

Another woman's voice answered her, a voice low and hoarse with misery. "Maybe I am a monster. I can't help it. I can't help it."

"You must help it," the cold voice broke in. "Why you'd be better dead."

I heard a soft sobbing coming from the thick smiling lips of Johnny Bear. The sobbing of a woman in hopelessness. I looked around at Alex. He was sitting stiffly, his eyes wide open and unblinking. I opened my mouth to whisper a question, but he waved me silent. I glanced about the room. All the men were stiff and listening. The sobbing stopped. "Haven't you ever felt that way, Emalin?"

Alex caught his breath sharply at the name. The cold voice announced, "Certainly not."

"Never in the night? Not ever—ever in your life?"

"If I had," the cold voice said, "if ever I had, I would cut that part of me away. Now stop your whining, Amy. I won't stand for it. If you don't get control of your nerves I'll see about having some medical treatment for you. Now go to your prayers."

Johnny Bear smiled on. "Whiskey?"

Two men advanced without a word and put down coins. Fat Carl filled two glasses and when Johnny Bear tossed off one after the other, Carl filled one again. Everyone knew by that how moved he was. There were no drinks on the house at the Buffalo Bar. Johnny Bear smiled about the room and then he went out with that creeping gait of his. The doors folded together after him, slowly and without a sound.

Conversation did not spring up again. Everyone in the room seemed to have a problem to settle in his own mind. One by one they drifted out and the back swing of the doors brought in little puffs of tule fog. Alex got up and walked out and I followed him.

The night was nasty with the evil smelling fog. It seemed to cling to the buildings and to reach out with free arms into the air. I doubled my pace and caught up with Alex. "What was it?" I demanded. "What was it all about?"

For a moment I thought he wouldn't answer. But then he stopped and turned to me. "Oh, damn it. Listen! Every town has its aristocrats, its family above reproach. Emalin and Amy Hawkins are our aristocrats, maiden ladies, kind people. Their father was a con-

gressman. I don't like this. Johnny Bear shouldn't do it! Why, they feed him. Those men shouldn't give him whiskey. He'll haunt that house now—now he knows he can get whiskey for it."

I asked, "Are they relatives of yours?"

"No, but they're—why, they aren't like other people. They have the farm next to mine. Some Chinese farm it on shares. You see, it's hard to explain. The Hawkins women, they're symbols. They're what we tell our kids when we want to—well to describe good people."

"Well," I protested, "nothing Johnny Bear said would hurt them would it?"

"I don't know. I don't know what it means. I mean, I kind of know. Oh! Go on to bed. I didn't bring the Ford. I'm going to walk out home." He turned and hurried into that slow squirming mist.

I walked along to Mrs. Ratz' boarding house. I could hear the chattering of the Diesel engine off in the swamp and the clang of the big steel mouth that ate its way through the ground. It was Saturday night. The dredger would stop at seven Sunday morning and rest until midnight Sunday. I could tell by the sound that everything was all right. I climbed the narrow stairs to my room. Once in bed I left the light burning for a while and stared at the pale insipid flowers on the wallpaper. I thought of those two voices speaking out of Johnny Bear's mouth. They were authentic voices, not reproductions. Remembering the tones I could see the women who had spoken, the chill-voiced Emalin, and the loose, misery-broken face of Amy. I wondered what caused the misery. Was it just the lonely suffering of a middle-aged woman? It hardly seemed so to me, for there was much to fear in the voice. I went to sleep with the light on and had to get up later and turn it off.

About eight the next morning I walked down across the swamp to the dredger. The crew was busy bending some new wire to the drums and coiling the worn cable for removal. I looked over the job and at about eleven o'clock walked back to Loma. In front of Mrs. Ratz' boarding house Alex Hartnell sat in a Model-T Ford touring car. He called to me, "I was just going to the dredger to get you. I knocked off a couple of chickens this morning. Thought you might like to help with them."

I accepted joyfully. Our cook was a good cook, a big pasty man; but lately I had found a dislike for him arising in me. He smoked Cuban cigarettes in a bamboo holder. I didn't like the way his fingers twitched in the morning. His hands were clean—floury like a miller's hands. I never knew before why they called them moth millers, those little flying bugs. Anyway I climbed into the Ford beside Alex and we drove down the hill to the rich land of the southwest. The sun shone brilliantly on the black earth. When I was little, a Catholic boy told me that the sun always shone on Sun-

(continued on page 44)

THREE YEARS AGO a talented collection of new faces appeared on Broadway in a hit musical by that name. The very brightest countenance belonged to sinewy, sensuous Eartha Kitt who stopped the show singing the sophisticated *Monotonous* ("Jacques Fath made a new style for me, I even made Johnny Ray smile for me, a camel once walked a mile for me . . .").

Earthy Eartha welcomed in last yuletide with a seductive song to Santa Claus in the movie version of "New Faces" ("Santa, baby, hurry down the chimney to me . . .").

This Christmas found her back on Broadway in a new play, "Mrs. Patterson," with a part very different from the ones that have brought her fame. "Mrs. Patterson" is the story of a very poor, very sensitive fifteen-year-old who dreams of being rich and famous — it could easily be the story of Eartha's own childhood. She has traded her tight-fitting treader and abbreviated mink costumes for a sack-shaped dress and she

doesn't sing a sexy line in the entire show. She is excellent in the part, but the play itself never comes to life.

We visited her backstage a few evenings ago. She didn't want to see us, at first, but finally let us in. She said she was very, very tired, and when we looked at her, we believed what she said. The off-Broadway reviews had been critical and a lot of work had gone into

revamping the show before it opened in New York. By then, she said, she didn't care whether it opened or not.

She was worried about her voice. She was hoarse and she thought she might be losing it the way Frankie Laine had for a while a couple of years ago. She sat at her dressing table in a drab robe and smoked a cigarette and sipped at a cup of tea as she talked.

It was a little difficult remembering this was the same girl we'd seen spread across a Technicolor CinemaScope screen in a half-nude harem costume singing *Uska Dava*. We remembered some of the wild parties in Chicago when "New Faces" was playing there, and the night she'd lost the top half of her dress during the finale. She'd looked down after a few moments and pulled it up with a shrug, as if it didn't really matter whether she was covered or not. Now she was pulling on a drab little dress with all the sex appeal of a flour sack.

"I'm tired of living in a fish bowl," she said. "I want to get away, to rest. I haven't had a vacation in three years. I was supposed to have six weeks last summer. It was all set, then I got a call from a guy in the east. His club was in bad shape and he said he needed a name attraction in a hurry or he'd be out of business. I played there three weeks and figured I'd still have three to myself. Then I got the same sort of call from a friend out west.


"This is a crazy business. I had a guy wanted to sell me a pink mink for \$20,000 a few weeks back. 'What am I gonna do with a pink mink?' I asked him. 'Think of the publicity it'll give you,' he said. 'Think of the publicity it'll give you,' I said, so he offered it to me for \$10,000. 'How long would it take this pink mink to fade?' I asked him. 'About five years,' he said. Now \$2,000 a year, that's too much money, even for a mink that's pink.

"When I was earning \$100 a week, I wanted to earn \$1,000. When I was earning \$1,000, I wanted more. There's



PHOTOGRAPHS ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY MIKE SHEA

no end to it. Now I can buy almost anything I want, and all I'd really like to have is a little peace and quiet. But I can still remember when I had nothing. I guess I really wouldn't trade it, even if I could."

Eartha had become absorbed in the conversation and lost track of the time. She was fifteen minutes late for the opening curtain. 

## SANTA'S BABY IS BACK ON BROADWAY

*the good eartha stars  
in a not too good play*



*theatre*

*fashion*



THE

ILLUSTRATED BY LEROY NEIMAN

THE CLOTHING that adorns today's playboy has come a long way since the time of Adam's drafty, ill-fitting fig leaf.

Although style changes in the men's fashion world are neither as dramatic nor as frequent as those enjoyed by the female, proper masculine dress can become a very confusing matter. If a man is concerned with how he looks, and he should be, he may find himself caught up in a perplexing phantasmagoria of color combinations, patterns, styles, designs, fabrics and cuts. Perhaps he recalls the words of Patrice Munsel, edible young Metropolitan Opera soprano, who claims that "eight out of ten men are boring to look at," and it's quite possible that odds like those run against him.

But, assuming our man is not totally color blind, possesses most or all of the necessary appendages upon which to hang assorted articles of apparel, earns more than \$60 a week, and takes a shower at least as often as he receives his paycheck, there's no reason why he can't look as tastefully attired as that fellow who sells Schweppes. To accomplish this, there are certain basic concepts about clothing with which he should be familiar. Once mastered, they are as dependable as his favorite bartender, and just as well-calculated to make Miss Munsel, and others of her species, sing with delight.

Despite violent advertising to the contrary, the sort of underwear worn by the clothes-conscious man is of no interest to anyone, with the possible exception of his wife (if he has one) or his secretary (ditto). Shorts—whether they are boxer or jockey, yellow or helio, cashmere or gauze—are a purely functional item and we're sure that what he is now wearing will suffice until those mysterious little holes start to appear. Then he'll go out and buy more of the same.

In the matter of men's outer apparel, however, our position is more definitive. Conservative in all departments, we lean heavily towards those distinc-

tive details of styling that point up the man as being *quietly* well dressed. Saffron suits with Li'l Abner shoulders are worn with pride by Li'l Abner, and no one else.

Our man would choose suits with the natural look, shoulders without padding, soft fronts, and the lapels small and high-notched. The single-breasted jacket hangs straight from his shoulders, with no indentation at the waist, loose enough to give him the feeling of freedom he desires. (His double-breasted jackets were given quietly to the Korean War Relief several years ago, and no word of them has been mentioned since.) Classic detailing suggests a three-button model in preference to the two, with flap pockets and a deep hook vent in the back. As a distinctive touch, his odd coats and rugged tweed suits feature stitched one-eighth inch raised seams and edges. The collars of his jackets are set low, so that one-half inch of shirt can be seen above. In the same manner, jacket sleeves are trimmed to allow one-half inch of shirt cuff to appear. No more than two buttons are required on his jacket cuffs. Trousers are cut trim and slim, tapering from 21 inches at the knee to an 18 inch bottom. The need for pleats is diminishing rapidly, and only those men with a sizable paunch have any use for them. Our fellow frowns on them.

His business shirts are of three basic collar styles: button-down, round (worn with safety pin) and tab—all of which follow the natural, comfortable lines of his suits and sports jackets. He knows that "new" collar styles pop up and disappear as quickly as Hollywood starlets, so he stays with the tested three. Woven of oxford cloth, fine cotton broadcloth or no-ironing Dacron, they are colored in blue, tan or white; or candy or hairline stripes in blue or tan on white. For everyday wear, button cuffs are favored over the dressier French cuffs. For country wear and relaxation without a jacket, he chooses shepherd check gingham, brushed cot-

ton flannel or Tattersall checks, with button-down or regular collars—sport shirts that combine the distinctive in both texture and design.

Neckwear offers a wide choice of unique color blends centering on the primary hues rather than the more muted pastels. Rich foulards in neat, orderly patterns or Rep silks in a variety of bold colors—yellow stripes on black, red on blue, green and black on yellow—reflect the individuality and good taste of the wearer. His Rep four-in-hands are cut no wider than 2 3/4 inches, while his foulards and knits are three inches in width. Bow ties are worn by our man whenever he attends a Frank Sinatra movie; string ties deserve no comment.

The Edwardian waistcoat is welcomed by our conservative man as an item of rare distinction, perfect for adding a dash of color to country suits or extra warmth for football weekends, hip flask notwithstanding. Patterned in rich Tattersall checks, narrow strippings on a black background, foulard silk or warm velveteen shades of red, here is the unique compliment to our well-groomed man attending the outdoor, less formal occasion.

His hosiery follows the solid-color line, tending toward the darker shades of navy, grey, brown and black for office wear. Smart country hose include the perennially tasteful wool Argyles with small diamond shapes woven on dark backgrounds or framed by a stripe of contrasting shade.

The final mark of our well-tailored man dictates that his shoes be correctly coordinated to the rest of his apparel. For town wear, the plain toe blucher or straight tip oxford in cordovan, Scotch grain or black is his choice; the more casual affair commands the wing tip or moccasin in brown. A constant favorite for loafing or leisure all year around is the white buckskin or canvas-top. Suede shoes are nowhere to be seen.



*playboy's position on proper male attire*

# WELL DRESSED PLAYBOY

BY JACK J. KESSIE

*playboy's apparel editor*

## PUNCH BOWL (continued from page 17)

"clean" taste like Four Roses or Bel-lows Partners Choice. This is one of the least giddy of all punches, a pleasant drink with enough kick to bring the gang back again and again to the bowl. Use freshly squeezed fruit juices or frozen fruit juice. Avoid canned juice.

- 2 quarts rye
- 1 pint orange juice
- 1/2 pint lemon juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 lemons sliced thin
- 1 quart sparkling water

Put the fruit juices, sugar and sliced lemon in the punch bowl. Stir until the sugar dissolves. Place a large chunk of ice in the bowl. Pour the rye and sparkling water over the ice. Stir well until the punch is icy cold. If the mixture seems too strong, add more sparkling water up to one additional quart.

## FISH HOUSE PUNCH

One of the most hallowed of classical Colonial punch recipes. It is the specialty of the "State In Schuylkill," a Philadelphia club organized in 1732. The recipe for Fish House punch, served to both Washington and Lafayette, has not varied much over the

years.

- 1 pint cognac
- 1 pint golden Puerto Rican or Cuban rum
- 1 pint Jamaica rum
- 1 pint lemon juice
- 1/2 pound sugar
- 1 wineglass peach brandy
- 1 to 2 quarts cold water (not carbonated water)

Put the sugar in the bowl. Add about 1 cup of the water and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add lemon juice, peach brandy, cognac, both kinds of rum and 1 quart of water. Stir well. Let the mixture stand about 1 hour before serving, so that the flavors can "marry" or blend. Place a large chunk of ice in the punch bowl. Ladle the punch over the ice until the punch is quite cold. Add more cold water if desired. Peach liqueur may be used instead of peach brandy.

## CHAMPAGNE PUNCH I

Be sure the champagne is ice cold in the bottles before it is poured into the punch bowl. While many champagne punch recipes include sparkling water, ginger ale, tea and other forms of dilution, PLAYBOY likes its champagne as straight and unadorned as possible. In the following recipe, one

of the simplest of them all, lemon ice or lemon sherbet is required. To keep the lemon ice from melting too quickly, ask the clerk in the drugstore or ice cream parlor beforehand to keep the lemon ice in the very bottom of the freezer so that it is really frozen solid.

- 4 quarts domestic dry champagne
  - 1 quart lemon ice, frozen very hard
  - About 12 dashes Angostura bitters
- Place the lemon ice in the punch bowl. Pour the champagne over it. Add the bitters and stir. Pour into glass punch cups or champagne glasses.

## CHAMPAGNE PUNCH II

For a more dressed up champagne punch bowl, assemble the following ingredients:

- 3 quarts iced dry domestic champagne
- 1/2 cup maraschino liqueur
- 1/2 cup cognac
- 1 teaspoon orange bitters
- 2 oranges sliced thin
- 1 lemon sliced thin

Put the maraschino liqueur, the cognac, orange bitters and sliced fruit in the bowl. Stir well. Let the mixture "brew" at least one hour. Place a large chunk of ice in center of the bowl. Pour the champagne over the ice. Stir well.

## BRANDY EGG NOG

One of the easiest egg nogs is made by combining 1 cup of either brandy, whiskey or rum with 1 quart prepared egg nog mix furnished by dairies. The drink is palatable except that most of the preparations contain artificial rum flavor, a minor damnation of modern living.

Princetonians will recognize the following recipe for brandy egg nog which for years was served at the Princeton Club of New York. It's a mellow sophisticated drink, a wonderful comfort for the day after New Year's Eve.

- 12 eggs
- 3 quarts milk
- 3/4 bottle cognac or Spanish grape brandy
- 1/2 cup Jamaica rum
- 1/2 pint heavy cream
- 1/3 cup sugar
- Grated nutmeg

Separate the egg yolks from the whites.

In a punch bowl combine the egg yolks and sugar. Beat well with a wire whisk or rotary egg beater. Borrow these gadgets from the landlady or a neighbor if necessary. Gradually add the cognac, rum, milk and cream. Beat well. Place the bowl in the refrigerator, removing shelves if necessary, for at least 2 hours. Just before serving the punch, beat the egg whites, in a separate bowl, until stiff, using a rotary egg beater. Add the egg whites to the punch bowl mixture. Fold the egg whites in—that is, do not mix them with a round-the-bowl movement but use the wire whisk in a down-over-up stroke until the egg whites are blended with the other ingredients. Ladle the punch into the cups. Sprinkle with nutmeg.



The Glutton





*"Sarah certainly is a friend of the downtrodden."*

# CONCRETE MIXER (continued from page 18)

people killed every year on this continent of America; made into jelly right in the can, as it were, in the automobile. Red blood jelly, with white marrow bones like sudden thoughts, ridiculous horror thoughts, transfixed in the immutable jelly. The cars roll up in tight neat sardine rolls — all sauce, all silence.

"Blood manure for green buzzing summer flies, all over the highways. Faces made into Halloween masks by sudden stops. Halloween is one of their holidays. I think they worship the automobile on that night — something to do with death, anyway.

"You look out your window and see two people lying atop each other in friendly fashion who, a moment ago, had never met before, dead. I foresee our army smashed, diseased, trapped in cinemas by witches and gum. Sometime in the next day I shall try to escape back to Mars before it is too late.

"Somewhere on Earth tonight, my Tylla, there is a Man with a Lever, which, when he pulls it, Will Save the World. The man is now unemployed. His switch gathers dust. He himself plays pinochle.

"The women of this evil planet are drowning us in a tide of banal sentimentality, misplaced romance, and one last fling before the makers of glycerin boil them down for usage. Good night, Tylla. Wish me well, for I shall probably die trying to escape. My love to our child."

Weeping silently, he folded the letter and reminded himself to mail it later at the rocket post.

He left the park. What was there to do? Escape? But how? Return to the post late tonight, steal one of the rockets alone and go back to Mars? Would it be possible? He shook his head. He was much too confused.

All that he really knew was that if he stayed here he would soon be the property of a lot of things that buzzed and snorted and hissed, that gave off fumes or stench. In six months he would be the owner of a large pink, trained ulcer, a blood pressure of algebraic dimensions, a myopia this side of blindness, and nightmares as deep as oceans and infested with improbable lengths of dream intestines through which he must violently force his way each night. No, no.

He looked at the haunted faces of the Earthmen drifting violently along in their mechanical death boxes. Soon — yes, very soon — they would invent an auto with six silver handles on it!

"Hey, there!"

An auto horn. A large long hearse of a car, black and ominous, pulled to the curb. A man leaned out.

"You a Martian?"

"Yes."

"Just the man I gotta see. Hop in quick — the chance of a lifetime. Hop in. Take you to a real nice joint where we can talk. Come on — don't stand

there."

As if hypnotized, Ettil opened the door of the car, got in.

They drove off.

...

"What'll it be, E. V.? How about a manhattan? Two manhattans, waiter. Okay, E. V. This is my treat. This is on me and Big Studios! Don't even touch your wallet. Pleased to meet you, E. V. My name's R. R. Van Plank. Maybe you hearda me? No? Well, shake anyhow."

Ettil felt his hand massaged and dropped. They were in a dark hole with music and waiters drifting about. Two drinks were set down. It had all happened so swiftly. Now Van Plank, hands crossed on his chest, was surveying his Martian discovery.

"What I want you for, E. V., is this. It's the most magnanimous idea I ever got in my life. I don't know how it came to me, just in a flash. I was sitting home tonight and I thought to myself, My God, what a picture it would make! *Invasion of Earth by Mars*. So what I got to do? I got to find an adviser for the film. So I climbed in my car and found you and here we are. Drink up! Here's to your health and our future. *Skoal!*"

"But —" said Ettil.

"Now, I know, you'll want money. Well, we got plenty of that. Besides, I got a lil' black book full of peaches I can lend you."

"I don't like most of your Earth fruit and —"

"You're a card, mac, really. Well, here's how I get the picture in my mind — listen." He leaned forward excitedly. "We got a flash scene of the Martians at a big powwow, drummin' drums, gettin' stewed on Mars. In the background are huge silver cities —"

"But that's not the way Martian cities are —"

"We got to have color, kid. Color. Let your pappy fix this. Anyway, there are all the Martians doing a dance around a fire —"

"We don't dance around fires —"

"In *this* film, you got a fire and you dance," declared Van Plank, eyes shut, proud of his certainty. He nodded, dreaming it over on his tongue. "Then we got a beautiful Martian woman, tall and blond."

"Martian women are dark —"

"Look, I don't see how we're going to be happy, E. V. By the way, son, you ought to change your name. What was it again?"

"Ettil."

"That's a woman's name. I'll give you a better one. Call you Joe. Okay, Joe. As I was saying, our Martian women are gonna be blond, because, see, just because. Or else your poppa won't be happy. You got any suggestions?"

"I thought that —"

"And another thing we gotta have is a scene, very tearful, where the Martian woman saves the whole ship of

Martian men from dying when a meteor or something hits the ship. That'll make a wackeroo of a scene. You know, I'm glad I found you, Joe. You're going to have a good deal with us, I tell you."

Ettil reached out and held the man's wrist tight. "Just a minute. There's something I want to ask you."

"Sure, Joe, shoot."

"Why are you being so nice to us? We invade your planet and you welcome us — everybody — like long-lost children. Why?"

"They sure grow 'em green on Mars, don't they? You're a naive-type guy — I can see from way over here. Mac, look at it this way. We're all Little People, ain't we?" He waved a small tan hand garnished with emeralds.

"We're all common as dirt, ain't we? Well, here on Earth, we're proud of that. This is the century of the Common Man, Bill, and we're proud we're small. Billy, you're looking at a planet full of Saroyans. Yes, sir. A great big fat family of friendly Saroyans — everybody loving everybody. We understand you Martians, Joe, and we know why you invaded Earth. We know how lonely you were up on that little cold planet Mars, how you envied us our cities —"

"Our civilization is much older than yours —"

"Please, Joe, you make me unhappy when you interrupt. Let me finish my theory and then you talk all you want. As I was saying, you was lonely up there, and down you came to see our cities and our women and all, and we welcomed you in, because you're our brothers, Common Men like all of us.

"And then, as a kind of side incident, Roscoe, there's a certain little small profit to be had from this invasion. I mean for instance this picture I plan, which will net us, neat, a billion dollars, I bet. Next week we start putting out a special Martian doll at thirty bucks a throw. Think of the millions there. I also got a contract to make a Martian game to sell for five bucks. There's all sorts of angles."

"I see," said Ettil, drawing back.

"And then of course there's that whole nice new market. Think of all the depilatories and gum and shoeshine we can sell to you Martians."

"Wait. Another question."

"Shoot."

"What's your first name? What's the R. R. stand for?"

"Richard Robert."

Ettil looked at the ceiling. "Do they sometimes, perhaps, on occasion, once in a while, by accident, call you — Rick?"

"How'd you guess, mac? Rick, sure."

Ettil sighed and began to laugh and laugh. He put out his hand. "So you're Rick? Rick! So you're Rick!"

"What's the joke, laughing boy? Let Poppa in!"

"You wouldn't understand — a private joke. Ha, ha!" Tears ran down his cheeks and into his open mouth. He

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## west coast jazz

(continued from page 9)



Baker and Mulligan . . . pungence and honey against streamlined rhythm. Dave Brubeck . . . cool jazz, like an intricately constructed mobile.

is a hectic howler. For every Coaster who plays from the head, there's one who plays from the guts.

Putting savage, bombastic Big Jay McNeely (tenor sax, Hollywood) at one extreme and shy, reticent Dave Brubeck (piano, San Francisco) at the other, you'll find that the rest of the Western cats fall somewhere in between. It is just a declaration of fact to say the West Coast harbors musicians playing practically every known variety of jazz music.

A look at some of the leaders in Western jazz will indicate that there are more contrasts than similitudes in the kind of music they play:

**Chet Baker** — Chet (born Chesney H.) is a 24-year-old trumpet player and vocalist who won both the *Down Beat* and *Metronome* 1953 music awards as number-one trumpeter, making an unbelievably swift rise to the top. (In 1952, for example, he was twentieth in the *Metronome* poll.)

Chet's playing is light, fast and sugar-sweet. He plays and sings with quiet delicacy, building his beautiful, often highly-complicated solos with extreme care. He says jazz should be "logical, lyrical and fluent." He believes a jazz solo should "tell a story, not be merely a string of unconnected phrases."

**Dave Brubeck** — Dave Brubeck and his quartet (Brubeck, piano; Paul Desmond, alto sax; Ron Crotty, bass; Joe Dodge, drums) drew a lot of favorable attention last year as an important part of the modern jazz movement. Brubeck is a jazz experimentalist, merging classical ideas with those of jazz. Brubeck makes wide use of the fugue in his jazz solos, often reminding one of Chopin, Beethoven or Bach. His powers of improvisation are great — and equally great are Paul Desmond's. The two of them improvising together against the soft, strident pulsation of the bass and drums is a thing breath-taking to hear. The sounds are subtle and subdued — Brubeck's jazz is truly "cool" jazz.

Brubeck describes his idea of jazz as "an improvised music based on classical harmony and African rhythms. The challenge is to improvise on the melody, using traditional music ideas but not sacrificing the drive and the beat of early jazz."

**Teddy Charles** — Charles, a front rank vibes-man, has been described as one of modern music's "most severe critics, wryest commentators and devoted leaders." He's played with Benny Goodman, Buddy De Franco, Artie Shaw and others. When he's not studying composition in the East, he plays in pick-up and recording groups on the West Coast.

Charles is an Easterner by birth, and he's concerned with the state of Western jazz. He believes young West Coast cats do a lot of "wailing" (swinging) and depressingly little "wiggling" (thinking). His concept of an ideal jazz exponent is one who does a little of each — a "wail-wigger."

**Wardell Gray** — Tenor saxist Gray has played with modernists and stompers alike on the West Coast, and his own jazz style is a combination of the kind of music each group represents — Wardell's a thinker, but he's a swinger too.

Perhaps more than any other, Wardell symbolizes the synthesis of myriad styles that could make up a unified Western Jazz — he's played with the cool Coasters (Shorty Rogers, Stan Getz, Teddy Charles, etc.) and hot ones (Dexter Gordon, Vido Musso, Charles Shavers, etc.). He does most of his cool playing in the clubs in and around Hollywood (The Clef, The Lighthouse, The Californian) and his hot playing in Gene Norman's "Just Jazz" concerts (the Pacific Coast counterpart of Norman Granz' "Jazz at the Philharmonic").

Gray thinks his arrangement of playing both hot and cool jazz is ideal. "I like to create, but I like to swing too. Out here, we've got radicals at both ends of the jazz thermometer — Mulligan and his 'pure art' theories and

McNeely and his supersonic honking. I guess you could call the Pacific Coast the melting pot of jazz — and a lot of cats, like myself, are very happily in the middle of it."

**Big Jay McNeely** — Big Jay is a burly, robust L. A.-born jazz man who delights in making his tenor sax groan, growl, grumble, grunt, howl, rasp, rock, scream, screech, squeal, whistle, wiggle, wobble and explode. His tone is guttural and his music is blood-red with emotion and frenzy. When he performs, he stomps his feet, shakes his shoulders and wags his head. Holding his instrument like some medieval weapon, he hops, leaps, crawls and lies flat on his back on the stage — blowing his horn lustily all the while. Comparing his music to that of Brubeck is like comparing a H-bomb blast with an intricately constructed mobile.

McNeely explains: "I was a serious cat once. I was eager to learn all about the niceties of sound and the complexities of musical structure. And I dug the modern cats in the East — Parker, Tristano, Powell, all them cats. But I found out that the big money was elsewhere. People want to be excited. And that's what I try to give them — excitement. It's as simple as all that."

**Gerry Mulligan** — Gerry is an intense young jazz baritone-saxist, composer and arranger who moved West two years ago after serving his apprenticeship in the East, in Philadelphia and New York. Mulligan is what they call a "jazz purist." He detests commercialism of any kind—won't tolerate the shaping of his highly experimental sounds to suit the musical tastes of his audience. His often belligerent attitude (recently he told an audience he'd walk off the stand if they didn't "quiet down" and listen to his music) has caused fellow jazz musicians some concern. Most jazz men feel that sympathetic cash customers are necessary if jazz is going to grow and that insulting an audience only gives jazz and the people who play it a bad name.

Last year Mulligan drew a lot of critical attention as an important jazz modernist by eliminating the piano and the guitar from his West Coast combos. (His most famous combo was a quartet featuring himself on sax, Chet Baker, trumpet; Carson Smith, bass; and Chico Hamilton, drums.) The resultant sounds were lighter and more fluid than any yet heard. And, with the vibrato minimized and the confining chordal base of the piano gone, the soloists were afforded more freedom in their improvising. The sound of Mulligan's pungent saxophone or Baker's honeyed trumpet (or both) against the gentle punching of the streamlined rhythm section was fresh, invigorating — the jazz line was pushed forward a little—previously hidden jazz horizons were glimpsed.

Mulligan frowns on West Coasters who are not totally sincere about their music. He believes jazz—good jazz, pure

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## JOHNNY BEAR (continued from page 35)

day, if only for a moment, because it was God's day. I always meant to see if it were true. We rattled down to the level plain.

Alex shouted, "Remember about the Hawkins?"

"Of course I remember."

He pointed. "That's the house."

Little of the house could be seen, for a high thick hedge of cypress surrounded it. There must be a small garden inside the square too. Only the roof and the tops of the windows showed over the hedge. I could see that the house was painted tan, trimmed with dark brown, a combination favored for railroad stations and schools in California. There were two wicket gates in the front and side of the hedge. The barn was outside the green barrier to the rear of the house. The hedge was clipped square. It looked incredibly thick and strong.

"The hedge keeps the wind out," Alex shouted.

"It doesn't keep Johnny Bear out," I said.

A shadow crossed his face. He waved at a whitewashed square building standing out in the field. "That's where the Chink sharecroppers live. Good workers. I wish I had some like them."

At that moment from behind the corner of the hedge a horse and buggy appeared and turned into the road. The grey horse was old but well groomed, the buggy shiny and the harness polished. There was a big silver H on the outside of each blinder. It seemed to me that the check rein was too short for such an old horse.

Alex cried, "There they are now, on their way to church."

We took off our hats and bowed to the women as they went by, and they nodded formally to us. I had a good look at them. It was a shock to me. They looked almost exactly as I thought they would. Johnny Bear was more monstrous even than I had known, if by the tone of voice he could describe the features of his people. I didn't have to ask which was Emalin and which was Amy. The clear straight eyes, the sharp sure chin, the mouth cut with the precision of a diamond, the stiff, curveless figure, that was Emalin. Amy was very like her, but so unlike. Her edges were soft. Her eyes were warm, her mouth full. There was a swell to her breast, and yet she did look like Emalin. But whereas Emalin's mouth was straight by nature, Amy held her mouth straight. Emalin must have been fifty or fifty-five and Amy about ten years younger. I had only a moment to look at them, and I never saw them again. It seems strange that I don't know anyone in the world better than those two women.

Alex was shouting, "You see what I meant about aristocrats?"

I nodded. It was easy to see. A community would feel kind of safe, having women like that about. A place like Loma with its fogs, with its great

swamps like a hideous sin needed, really needed the Hawkins women. A few years there might do things to a man's mind if those women weren't there to balance matters.

It was a good dinner. Alex's sister fried the chicken in butter and did everything else right. I grew more suspicious and uncharitable toward our cook. We sat around in the dining room and drank really good brandy.

I said, "I can't see why you ever go into the Buffalo. That whiskey is—"

"I know," said Alex. "But the Buffalo is the mind of Loma. It's our newspaper, our theatre and our club."

This was so true that when Alex started the Ford and prepared to take me back I knew, and he knew, we would go for an hour or two to the Buffalo Bar.

We were nearly into town. The feeble lights of the car splashed about on the road. Another car rattled toward us. Alex swung across the road and stopped. "It's the doctor, Doctor Holmes," he explained. The oncoming car pulled up because it couldn't get around us. Alex called, "Say, Doc, I was going to ask you to take a look at my sister. She's got a swelling on her throat."

Doctor Holmes called back, "All right, Alex, I'll take a look. Pull out, will you? I'm in a hurry."

Alex was deliberate. "Who's sick, Doc?"

"Why, Miss Amy had a little spell. Miss Emalin phoned in and asked me to hurry. Get out of the way, will you?"

Alex squawked his car back and let the doctor by. We drove on. I was about to remark that the night was clear when, looking ahead, I saw the rags of fog creeping around the hill from the swamp side and climbing like slow snakes on the top of Loma. The Ford shuddered to a stop in front of the Buffalo. We went in.

Fat Carl moved toward us. He reached under the bar for the nearby bottle. "What'll it be?"

"Whiskey."

For a moment a faint smile seemed to flit over the fat sullen face. The room was full. My dredger crew was there, all except the cook. He was probably on the scow smoking his Cuban cigarettes in a bamboo holder. He didn't drink. That was enough to make me suspicious of him. Two deck hands and an engineer and three levermen were there. The levermen were arguing about a cutting. The old lumber adage certainly held for them: "Women in the woods and logging in the honky-tonk."

That was the quietest bar I ever saw. There weren't any fights, not much singing and no tricks. Somehow the sullen baleful eyes of Fat Carl made drinking a quiet, efficient business rather than a noisy game. Timothy Ratz was playing solitaire at one of the round tables. Alex and I drank our whiskey. No chairs were available, so we just stayed leaning against the bar talking

about sports and markets and adventures we had had or pretended we had—just a casual barroom conversation. Now and then we bought another drink. I guess we hung around for a couple of hours, Alex had already said he was going home, and I felt like it. The dredger crew trooped out, for they had to start to work at midnight.

The doors unfolded silently, and Johnny Bear crept into the room, swinging his long arms, nodding his big hairy head and smiling foolishly about. His square feet were like cats' feet.

"Whiskey?" he chirruped. No one encouraged him. He got out his wares. He was down on his stomach the way he had been when he got me. Sing-song nasal words came out, Chinese I thought. And then it seemed to me that the same words were repeated in another voice, slower and not nasally. Johnny Bear raised his shaggy head and asked, "Whiskey?" He got to his feet with effortless ease. I was interested. I wanted to see him perform. I slid a quarter along the bar. Johnny gulped his drink. A moment later I wished I hadn't. I was afraid to look at Alex: for Johnny Bear crept to the middle of the room and took that window pose of his.

The chill voice of Emalin said, "She's in here, doctor." I closed my eyes against the looks of Johnny Bear, and the moment I did he went out. It was Emalin Hawkins who had spoken.

I had heard the doctor's voice in the road, and it was his veritable voice that replied, "Ah—you said a fainting fit?"

"Yes, doctor."

There was a little pause, and then the doctor's voice again, very softly, "Why did she do it, Emalin?"

"Why did she do what?" There was almost a threat in the question.

"I'm your doctor, Emalin. I was your father's doctor. You've got to tell me things. Don't you think I've seen that kind of a mark on the neck before? How long was she hanging before you got her down?"

There was a longer pause then. The chill left the woman's voice. It was soft, almost a whisper. "Two or three minutes. Will she be all right, doctor?"

"Oh, yes, she'll come around. She's not badly hurt. Why did she do it?"

The answering voice was even colder than it had been at first. It was frozen. "I don't know, sir."

"You mean you won't tell me?"

"I mean what I say."

Then the doctor's voice went on giving directions for treatment, rest, milk and a little whiskey. "Above all, be gentle," he said. "Above everything, be gentle with her."

Emalin's voice trembled a little. "You would never—tell, doctor?"

"I'm your doctor," he said softly. "Of course I won't tell. I'll send down some sedatives tonight."

"Whiskey?" My eyes jerked open. The horrible Johnny Bear smiling around  
(continued overleaf)

Another fine old engraving by that fine old engraver, John Held, Jr.



THE FACTS *of* LIFE

## JOHNNY BEAR (continued from page 44)

the room.

The men were silent, ashamed. Fat Carl looked at the floor. I turned apologetically to Alex, for I was really responsible. "I didn't know he'd do that," I said. "I'm sorry."

I walked out the door and went to the dismal room at Mrs. Ratz'. I opened the window and looked out into that coiling, pulsing fog. Far off in the marsh I heard the Diesel engine start slowly and warm up. And after a while I heard the clang of the big bucket as it went to work on the ditch.

The next morning one of those series of accidents so common in construction landed on us. One of the new wires parted on the inswing and dropped the bucket on one of the pontoons, sinking it and the works in eight feet of ditch water. When we sunk a dead man and got a line out to it to pull us from the water, the line parted and clipped the legs neatly off one of the deck hands. We bound the stumps and rushed him to Salinas. And then little accidents happened. A leverman developed blood poisoning from a wire scratch. The cook finally justified my opinion by trying to sell a little can of Marijuana to the engineer. Altogether there wasn't much peace in the outfit. It was two weeks before we were going again with a new pontoon, a new deck hand and a new cook.

The new cook was a sly, dark, little long-nosed man, with a gift for subtle flattery.

My contact with the social life of Loma had gone to pot, but when the bucket was clanging into the mud again and the big old Diesel was chattering away in the swamp I walked out to Alex Hartnell's farm one night. Passing the Hawkins place, I peered in through one of the little wicket gates in the cypress hedge. The house was dark, more than dark because a low light glowed in one window. There was a gentle wind that night, blowing balls of fog like tumbleweeds along the ground. I walked in the clear a moment, and then was swallowed in a thick mist, and then was in the clear again. In the starlight I could see those big silver fog balls moving like elements across the fields. I thought I heard a soft moaning in the Hawkins yard behind the hedge, and once when I came suddenly out of the fog I saw a dark figure hurrying along in the field, and I knew from the dragging footsteps that it was one of the Chinese field hands walking in sandals. The Chinese eat a great many things that have to be caught at night.

Alex came to the door when I knocked. He seemed glad to see me. His sister was away. I sat down by his stove and he brought out a bottle of that nice brandy. "I heard you were having some trouble," he said.

I explained the difficulty. "It seems to come in series. The men have it figured out that accidents come in groups of three, five, seven, and nine."

Alex nodded. "I kind of feel that way myself."

"How are the Hawkins sisters?" I asked. "I thought I heard someone crying as I went by."

Alex seemed reluctant to talk about them, and at the same time eager to talk about them. "I stopped over about a week ago. Miss Amy isn't feeling very well. I didn't see her. I only saw Miss Emalin." Then Alex broke out, "There's something hanging over those people, something —"

"You almost seem related to them," I said.

"Well, their father and my father were friends. We called the girls Aunt Amy and Aunt Emalin. They can't do anything bad. It wouldn't be good for any of us if the Hawkins sisters weren't the Hawkins sisters."

"The community conscience?"

"The safe thing," he cried. "The place where a kid can get gingerbread. The place where a girl can get reassurance. They're proud, but they believe in things we hope are true. And they live as though, well, as though honesty really is the best policy and charity really is its own reward. We need them."

"I see."

"But Miss Emalin is fighting something terrible and — I don't think she's going to win."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know what I mean. But I've thought I should shoot Johnny Bear and throw him in the swamp. I've really thought about doing it."

"It's not his fault," I argued. "He's just a kind of recording and reproducing device, only you use a glass of whiskey instead of a nickel."

We talked of some other things then, and after a while I walked back to Loma. It seemed to me that the fog was clinging to the cypress hedge of the Hawkins house, and it seemed to me that a lot of the fog balls were clustered about it and others were slowly moving in. I smiled as I walked along at the way a man's thought can arrange nature to fit his thoughts. There was no light in the house as I went by.

A nice, steady routine settled on my work. The big bucket cut out the ditch ahead of it. The crew felt the trouble was over too, and that helped, and the new cook flattered the men so successfully that they would have eaten fried cement. The personality of a cook has a lot more to do with the happiness of a dredger crew than his cooking has.

In the evening of the second day after my visit to Alex I walked down the wooden sidewalk trailing a streamer of fog behind me and went into the Buffalo Bar. Fat Carl moved toward me polishing the whiskey glass. I cried "Whiskey," before he had a chance to ask what it would be. I took my glass and went to one of the straight chairs. Alex was not there. Timothy Ratz was playing solitaire and having a phenomenal run of luck. He got it out four times in a row and had a drink each

time. More and more men arrived.

At about ten o'clock the news came. Thinking about such things afterwards you never can remember quite what transpired. Someone comes in; a whisper starts; suddenly everyone knows what has happened, knows details. Miss Amy had committed suicide. Who brought in the story? I don't know. She had hanged herself. There wasn't much talk in the barroom about it. I could see the men were trying to get straight on it. It was a thing that didn't fit into their schemes. They stood in groups, talking softly.

The swinging doors opened slowly and Johnny Bear crept in, his great hairy head rolling, and that idiot smile on his face. His square feet slid quietly over the floor. He looked about and chirruped, "Whiskey? Whiskey for Johnny?"

Now those men really wanted to know. They were ashamed of wanting to know, but their whole mental system required the knowledge. Fat Carl poured out a drink. Timothy Ratz put down his cards and stood up. Johnny Bear gulped the whiskey. I closed my eyes.

The doctor's tone was harsh. "Where is she, Emalin?"

I've never heard a voice like the one that answered, cold control, layer and layer of control, but cold penetrated by the most awful heartbreak. It was a monotonous tone, emotionless, and yet the heartbreak got into the vibrations. "She's in here, doctor."

"H-m-m." A long pause. "She was hanging a long time."

"I don't know how long, doctor."

"Why did she do it, Emalin?"

The monotone again. "I don't — know, doctor."

A longer pause, and then, "H-m-m. Emalin, did you know she was going to have a baby?"

The chill voice cracked and a sigh came through. "Yes, doctor," very softly.

"Is that why you didn't find her for so long — No, Emalin, I didn't mean that, poor dear."

The control was back in Emalin's voice. "Can you make out the certificate without mentioning —"

"Of course I can, sure I can. And I'll speak to the undertaker, too. You needn't worry."

"Thank you, doctor."

"I'll go and telephone now. I won't leave you here alone. Come into the other room, Emalin. I'm going to fix you a sedative —"

"Whiskey? Whiskey for Johnny?" I saw the smile and the rolling hairy head. Fat Carl poured out another glass. Johnny Bear drank it and then crept to the back of the room and crawled under a table and went to sleep.

No one spoke. The men moved up to the bar and laid down their coins silently. They looked bewildered, for a system had fallen. A few minutes later Alex came into the silent room. He walked quickly over to me. "You've heard?" he asked softly.

(concluded overleaf)



*"Please don't leave me, Viv! I haven't the  
patience to break in a new one!"*

## west coast jazz

(continued from page 43)

jazz—to be “the rational expression of deep, sometimes searing emotion.” To achieve this jazz ideal, Gerry feels that a complete “wedding of mind and soul” is needed.

**Shorty Rogers** — Shorty (Milton) Rogers is a sharp-eyed, winsome and tremendously aware jazz musician. Most of his trumpet playing, arranging and composing has been done in the East (he has played and written for Red Norvo, Charlie Barnet, Woody Herman and Stan Kenton), but when the nucleus of the Kenton band (Rogers, trumpet; Bob Cooper, tenor sax; Art Pepper, alto sax; Shelly Manne, drums) quit en masse and moved West two years ago, Shorty quickly became a vital figure in the jazz *avant-garde* there.

Rogers' music is distinguished by an unprecedented and uncanny mixture of Afro-Cuban rhythms with light, often humorous scoring for brass and reeds. His music is surprising, sometimes frenetic — but never gets out of control.

Truly, the West is the melting pot of jazz — a sizzling concoction of raucous jazz (McNeely), classical jazz (Brubeck), swinging-thinking jazz (Charles, Gray), experimental jazz (Baker, Mulligan) and neo-Afro-Cuban jazz (Rogers). And, how then, given this diverse collection, can it be said that there is a pure, homogeneous West Coast “school” of jazz?

Naturally, it can't. Not yet, anyway.



“Wow! And father thinks you're all talk!”

## JOHNNY BEAR

(continued from page 46)

“Yes.”

“I’ve been afraid,” he cried. “I told you a couple of nights ago. I’ve been afraid.”

I said, “Did you know she was pregnant?”

Alex stiffened. He looked around the room and then back at me. “Johnny Bear?” he asked.

I nodded.

Alex ran his palm over his eyes. “I don’t believe it.” I was about to answer when I heard a little scuffle and looked to the back of the room. Johnny Bear crawled like a badger out of his hole and stood up and crept toward the bar.

“Whiskey?” He smiled expectantly at Fat Carl.

Then Alex stepped out and addressed the room. “Now you guys listen! This has gone far enough. I don’t want any more of it.” If he had expected opposition he was disappointed. I saw the men nodding to one another.

“Whiskey for Johnny?”

Alex turned on the idiot. “You ought to be ashamed. Miss Amy gave you

food, and she gave you all the clothes you ever had.”

Johnny smiled at him. “Whiskey?”

He got out his tricks. I heard the sing-song nasal language that sounded like Chinese. Alex looked relieved.

And then the other voice, slow, hesitant, repeating the words without the nasal.

Alex sprang so quickly that I didn’t see him move. His fist splatted into Johnny Bear’s smiling mouth. “I told you there was enough of it,” he shouted.

Johnny Bear recovered his balance. His lips were split and bleeding, but the smile was still there. He moved slowly and without effort. His arms enfolded Alex as the tentacles of an anemone enfold a crab. Alex bent backward. Then I jumped and grabbed one of the arms and wrenched at it, and could not tear it loose. Fat Carl came rolling over the counter with a bung starter in his hand. And he beat the matted head until the arms relaxed and Johnny Bear crumpled. I caught Alex and helped him to a chair. “Are you hurt?”

He tried to get his breath. “My back’s

wrenched, I guess,” he said. “I’ll be all right.”

“Got your Ford outside? I’ll drive you home.”

Neither of us looked at the Hawkins place as we went by. I didn’t lift my eyes off the road. I got Alex to his own dark house and helped him to bed and poured a hot brandy into him. He hadn’t spoken all the way home. But after he was propped in the bed he demanded, “You don’t think anyone noticed, do you? I caught him in time, didn’t I?”

“What are you talking about? I don’t know yet why you hit him.”

“Well, listen,” he said. “I’ll have to stay close for a little while with this back. If you hear anyone say anything, you stop it, won’t you? Don’t let them say it.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

He looked into my eyes for a moment. “I guess I can trust you,” he said. “That second voice — that was Miss Amy.”



## CONCRETE MIXER (continued from page 42)

pounded the table again and again. "So you're Rick. Oh, how different, how funny. No bulging muscles, no lean jaw, no gun. Only a wallet full of money and an emerald ring and a big middle!"

"Hey, watch the language! I may not be no Apollo but —"

"Shake hands, Rick. I've wanted to meet you. You're the man who'll conquer Mars, with cocktail shakers and foot arches and poker chips and riding crops and leather boots and checkered caps and rum collinses."

"I'm only a humble businessman," said Van Plank, eyes slyly down. "I do my work and take my humble little piece of money pie. But, as I was saying, Mort, I been thinking of the market on Mars for Uncle Wiggily games and Dick Tracy comics; all new. A big wide field never even heard of cartoons, right? Right! So we just toss a great big bunch of stuff on the Martians' heads. They'll fight for it, kid, fight! Who wouldn't, for perfumes and Paris dresses and Oshkosh overalls, eh? And nice new shoes—"

"We don't wear shoes."

"What have I got here?" R. R. asked of the ceiling. "A planet full of Okies? Look, Joe, we'll take care of that. We'll shame everyone into wearing shoes. Then we sell them the polish!"

"Oh."

He slapped Ettil's arm. "Is it a deal? Will you be technical director on my film? You'll get two hundred a week to start, a five-hundred top. What you say?"

"I'm sick," said Ettil. He had drunk the manhattan and was now turning blue.

"Say, I'm sorry. I didn't know it would do that to you. Let's get some fresh air."

In the open air Ettil felt better. He swayed. "So that's why Earth took us in?"

"Sure, son. Any time an Earthman can turn an honest dollar, watch him steam. The customer is always right. No hard feelings. Here's my card. Be at the studio in Hollywood tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. They'll show you your office. I'll arrive at eleven and see you then. Be sure you get there at nine o'clock. It's a strict rule."

"Why?"

"Gallagher, you're a queer oyster, but I love you. Good night. Happy invasion!"

The car drove off.

Ettil blinked after it, incredulous. Then, rubbing his brow with the palm of his hand, he walked slowly along the street toward the rocket port.

"Well, what are you going to do?" he asked himself, aloud.

The rockets lay gleaming in the moonlight, silent. From the city came the sounds of distant revelry. In the medical compound an extreme case of nervous breakdown was being tended

to: a young Martian who, by his screams, had seen too much, drunk too much, heard too many songs on the little red-and-yellow boxes in the drinking places, and had been chased around innumerable tables by a large elephant-like woman. He kept murmuring:

"Can't breathe . . . crushed, trapped."

The sobbing faded. Ettil came out of the shadows and moved on across a wide avenue toward the ships. Far over, he could see the guards lying about drunkenly. He listened. From the vast city came the faint sounds of cars and music and sirens. And he imagined other sounds too: the insidious whir of malt machines stirring malts to fatten the warriors and make them lazy and forgetful, the narcotic voices of the cinema caverns lulling and lulling the Martians fast, fast into a slumber through which, all of their remaining lives, they would sleepwalk.

A year from now, how many Martians dead of cirrhosis of the liver, bad kidneys, high blood pressure, suicide?

He stood in the middle of the empty avenue. Two blocks away a car was rushing toward him.

He had a choice: stay here, take the studio job, report for work each morning as adviser on a picture, and, in time, come to agree with the producer that, yes indeed, there were massacres on Mars; yes, the women were tall and blond; yes, there were tribal dances and sacrifices; yes, yes, yes. Or he could walk over and get into a rocket ship and, alone, return to Mars.

"But what about next year?" he said.

The Blue Canal Night Club brought to Mars. The Ancient City Gambling Casino, Built Right Inside. Yes, Right Inside a Real Martian Ancient City! Neons, racing forms blowing in the old cities, picnic lunches in the ancestral graveyards — all of it, all of it.

But not quite yet. In a few days he could be home. Tylla would be waiting with their son, and then for the last few years of gentle life he might sit with his wife in the blowing weather on the edge of the canal reading his good, gentle books, sipping a rare and light wine, talking and living out their short time until the neon bewilderment fell from the sky.

And then perhaps he and Tylla might move into the blue mountains and hide for another year or two until the tourists came to snap their cameras and say how quaint things were.

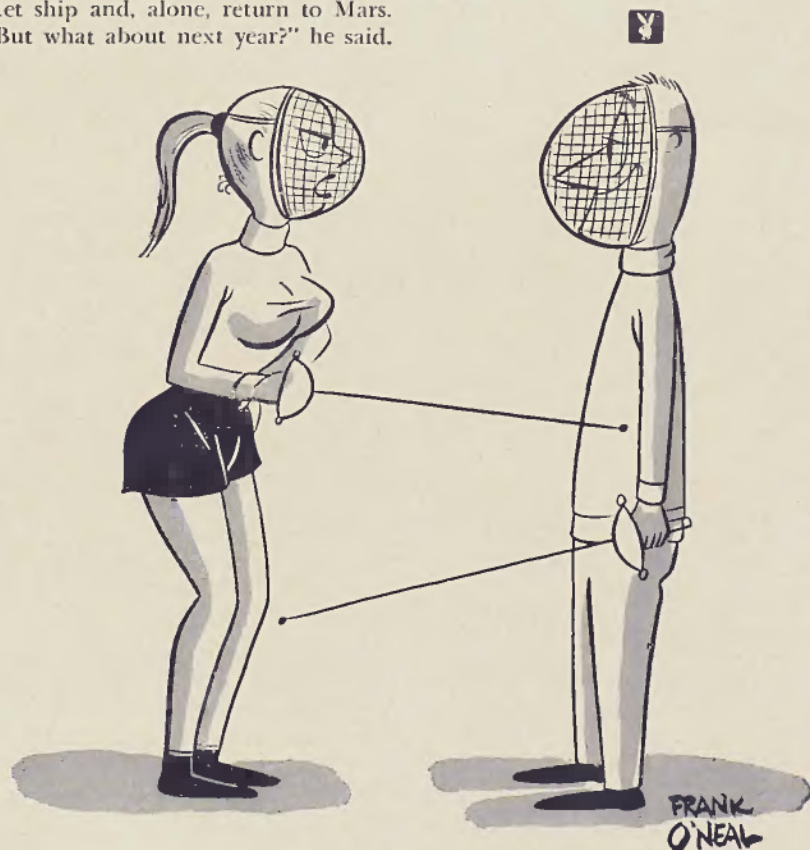
He knew just what he would say to Tylla. "War is a bad thing, but peace can be a living horror."

He stood in the middle of the wide avenue.

Turning, it was with no surprise that he saw a car bearing down upon him, a car full of screaming children. These boys and girls, none older than sixteen, were swerving and ricocheting their open-top car down the avenue. He saw them point at him and yell. He heard the motor roar louder. The car sped forward at sixty miles an hour.

He began to run.

Yes, yes, he thought tiredly, with the car upon him, how strange, how sad. It sounds so much like . . . a concrete mixer.



"Well, you can just touchè me someplace else!"



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